

MACLEAN'S

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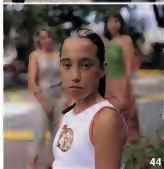
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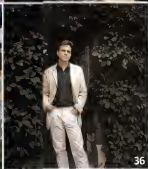
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MACLEAN'S

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'For two people living together, marriage is what cultures and social units define, not what academics and judges dictate.' —*KEA JENSEN, Vancouver*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR (letters@themail.com)

The 'other' D-Day

It was a pleasure to read Peter Steinberg's recollection of Canada's participation at the Italian Landing on July 1943 ("I remember Sicily," History, July 1). Sadly, very few Canadians are aware of our "other" D-Day landing. My wife and I went to Italy for the first time last fall, planning, along with the reason, to visit one very special place—the small Canadian cemetery outside the isolated town of Agira in the middle of Sicily, where Canadian soldiers who died in the Sicilian campaign are buried. The bus driver dropped us off in front of the Monastery church where the church bells had rung when the Canadians celebrated their decisive victory in this remote part of the world. It was hard to fathom that such a major event had happened near this sleepy little town just 60 short years ago. There were few visible signs of the fighting except for the Italian cemetery in the village square and the Canadian war cemetery on the outskirts of town. Here, facing the eastern slopes of Mount Etna, are 490 of our fellow countrymen who ever set foot in Canada again. My wife and I spent the afternoon at the cemetery, sipping and reading each headstone and quietly thinking those brave men for their sacrifice. We were the only people there. But to our surprise, when we reached our rooms in the village, we saw another Canadian couple had been there that morning. One of them had written, "Thanks for all the condolences I was a... to the late King." Let us all thank Bernie Kane—a long way from home, but not forgotten.



A long way from home, but not forgotten

didn't reach the Monastery without our lifelines as the sea was quite rough. We drifted for many hours, until finally an American destroyer picked us up. The Santa Elena sank a few miles from the harbour at Phillipville, Algeria, the next morning.

Kristin Kane, Quebec City

Hey, when The Canadians who dashed over Juno Beach did not "lead the way" for the Allied invasion on D-Day (Canada, The Week, June 16). The Canadians who actually led the way belonged to the 1st Canadian Parachute Battalion who, 36 hours before anyone crossed the Normandy beaches, jumped further into France, blowing up bridges and causing other mayhem. Because this unit was part of the British 6th Airborne Division, and not a Canadian formation, it tends to be overlooked, but not by the Ben who learned great respect for these Canadians and formed personal alliances that are still strong to this day.

John Bellini, Coonung, N.S.W.

Marriage proposal

Why shouldn't loving couples of any description get a chance to marry (Canada, The Week, July 1)? It is a move long overdue. Where now only two people can marry, maybe we can finally expect the opportunity to have more than one wife or husband or a combination of both. If you love your neighbours, why can't you embrace and marry them all? It would certainly give new meaning to the term *Black Plague*. My children may soon be informed at school that

being gay is normal, acceptable and preferable, and also believe otherwise may be one of those many heterosexual bigots. I can't begin to express my excitement over the prospect of what new definitions or interpretations of the law are next.

Ron Thorstad, Edmonton

I don't understand why gays and lesbians, who pride themselves on their alternative lifestyle, want to be seen as mainstream by getting married. Marriage is unique to heterosexuals. It is religious in origin and its exclusive tradition is longstanding. By seeking to adopt a heterosexual institution, the homosexual community has proven true the adage that hypocrisy is the compliment that vice pays to virtue.

Alan Baker, New Edinburgh, Ont.

Mr. Wilson-Smith writes, "It's hard to understand the opposition" to the legalization of gay marriage ("Having A Gay Now Time," The Editor's Letter, June 23). I believe much of youth turned today see marriage as an aberration of the traditional family lifestyle. Many would say that gay or lesbian couples can and do provide stable family environments. Children, however, need the influence of both a mother and a father. I've disagreed with this notion, then organizations such as Big Brothers Big Sisters, who are to compensate for absent positive male or female role models within the family, would be unnecessary. Through the contacts and in all cultures, marriage has been defined as a union between a male and a female. Before we denigrate our modern culture that we know better, we had better stop to consider the repercussions for the family and our children.

Stefley Smith, West Hill, Ont.

Jack, be humble

Paul Wells's column "We don't know Jack" (The Back Page, July 1), states that NDP leader Jack Layton has turned his mind "to serious preparations for next year's election." If Layton is serious about bringing the NDP out of its slumber, he should reconsider running for a seat in the riding of Toronto-Danforth. He was soundly defeated there in the 1997 federal election by the Liberal incumbent Dennis Mills, and Mills will easily defeat him in a rematch. It seems that Torontonians do know Jack. Twice they have voted against him when he went beyond his principal occupations. If the vol-

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or to rejuvenate the NDP as a leader with a seat at the House of Commons, brought me with a seat that he can actually win.

James Phelan, Burlington, Ont.

You came up with a plan for governing the country. You explained to Canadians. You announced your ideas are better than those of the Liberals. The Liberals then take a poll. They reject your ideas, say they were planning to do all that anyhow, and get re-elected in an American-style popularity contest. Representative democracy is now obsolete. The best we can hope for is a leader whose vision extends past using his feet up on the prime minister's desk like we had for the past nine years.

John Rodgers, Thunder Bay, Ont.

Refugee revisionism

Adnan R. Khan, like others writing about the Palestinian refugee issue, falls into a familiar trap of historical revisionism ("A long journey ahead," *Refugees*, July 1). Very few Arabs fled "in the face of advancing Israeli soldiers." Indeed the greatest majority were encouraged and followed the invitation of their leaders. They left their homes in the face of fire as more Arab armies from surrounding countries that meant to invade and occupy Israel. Khan also failed to mention two very important issues: namely, first the surrounding Arab countries did not allow the incoming refugees to integrate with the local population in order to have a refugee issue. And those Arabs fortunate enough to go to other countries, such as Canada, have happily integrated.

G. Bill Greenblatt, Burnaby, B.C.

Third World feminism

As a teenager, I usually wore Modest to the adults in my family. But as I was leaving through the July 1 issue, I was pulled in by the intensity of "Freedom denied" (Afghanistan, July 1). I was shocked that Afghan women are treated as though they were not as "worthy" as their male counterparts. How can we believe that these people are free for as long as the women still live in their homes for fear of what can happen to the outside world? Most women in Canada also equal treatment for granted, but I hope that other colleagues and women realize that it is something that has found in our country.

Theresa Yaguchi, Montreal, Que.



Heading to the bush for a weekend away

Space and opportunity

Your article about the three new Canadian citizens and their coming trip to Algonquin Park on Canada Day weekend brought me to tears ("Canada Day will be celebrated in the wilderness," *Weekender*, July 1). My husband and I think nothing of packing up at 5 a.m. Friday afternoon and heading to the bush for a weekend away. We completely take for granted that there is a space, and an opportunity for us to be there. How lucky I tell you, to have grown up knowing how to get to a canoe, still being able to find springs in the mountains where the water is so cold it gives you a headache, and feeling the sting of a harshly hot sun on your neck spot on my sunny shoulder as I lose my breath to catch dinner. I am proud to be Canadian and to our new neighbors I say, "Welcome! Sing loudly, tread softly—and I hope you learned to paddle your own canoe."

Freddie Collins, Kingston, Ont.

Half-hearted celebration

Peter C. Newman notes the major U.S. plans to celebrate the first crossing of the United States by the Lewis and Clark expedition, some 12 years after the centennial was crossed by Alexander Maclean in 1793 ("We got there first," *Columbia*, June 23). When we tried to interest federal politicians while planning for the bicentennial of the Maclean crossing here in Bella Cooles, where he first met male women, we were met with supreme indifference. After much pushing and caving in of credits, we were granted the participation of 10,000 Maclean. He said one half of the Canadian Forces Highway parade team. Both part in a great show, represented their country in magnificent fashion, and brought attention

credit on our federal political annals. But contrast that with the boogie south of the border. We have a magnificent history, but we ignore it.

G. K. Corbould, Delta Coast, B.C.

Managing health care

So, 98 per cent of managers are in favour of the main approach to health-care delivery ("Key advice," *Cover*, June 16). What a surprise. How else could these managers justify their existence? What about many physicians about the "team" concept is so controversial—that and the goofy, written opinion statements we are forced to listen to. These monies and vision statements and their accompanying jargon began in the marketing world and have now infected almost every area of human activity, to the great detriment of our language. Now, no hospital is able to get staff accredited without a mission statement. To this end, we have senior management teams all across the country spending days and weeks drafting mission statements or having mission statements put into it further. Talk about a growth industry. This is where a significant percentage of our health care dollar is going. Is it any wonder physicians have become a little jaded and cynical?

Dr. Anthony Richel, Florence, N.B.

Your most recent editorial health care ranking events commensurate with populations of over 100,000 people because of valid statistical concerns. However, it thereby also entirely erases a discussion of health care provision in Canada's First Nations communities, which have some of the most alarming health issues in the country. Unfortunately, you are not alone in ignoring these pressing concerns. The federal government has recently passed a series of amendments making it harder for isolated First Nations patients to access care. For example, patients from the Cow community that I work for will no longer receive funding for travel to receive a mammogram, a service that requires a special X-ray machine that most remote areas simply cannot afford to purchase and maintain. Is the risk of breast cancer lower here than in more populated areas? Certainly not. However, sometimes it is easier to forget about the complex needs of distant and still largely disadvantaged populations.

Dr. David Perks, Moose Factory, Ont.

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Politics | Social climbing in Charlottetown as the premiers eye a new role

There's always a danger when you take 18 permits out of their natural settings and turn them loose in golf shoes and blazers in sand-drenched Charlottetown at their annual summer get-together. Some know they like to play party games, such as Switch Identity (Theresa had angry Ontario—the historic Indian on mink.com (take your pick) of Confederation—noting the misnomer and suggesting it might set up its own immigration and invasion regimes. And Quebec's Jean Charest draping himself in the Maple Leaf for everyone to admire. Occasionally this should come with a program, just to keep all the archbishops in line.

Of course, Ontario's Ernie Eves is angry with Ontario for not picking up the tab for SARS. But let's get serious. His latest election is not soon. How can he partly discharge his job of being up a separate tax regime while crying poor at the same time? As for

Eves and Charest, meet Confederation relief. With golf put in Calgary.



Charest, his proposed Council of the Federation is a hot pie in the sky, with apologies to Ralph Klein, who gets a nice no cultural one in the face just before he left for Charlottetown. For now, it's a premier's only effort, to rethink the country from a provincial perspective. So how is this so different from what we saw last week?

For the provinces, a larger role in national affairs may be long overdue, and perhaps there's an opening now with federal regime change on the way. But the caucus isn't happy with the big three—Alberta, Ontario and Quebec—are trying to break out of the proposed national health council, which would ration health care dollars as spent. Did they think Canadians would forget they had agreed to the plan in February, at an actual federal-provincial meeting, when it came with \$35 billion in new federal funding? Golf shirts are not that good a disguise.

ScoreCard

▼ Anne Murray: Just a year after a court ordered her to make medical malpractice lawsuits, her health minister can come up with a halfhearted scheme to eliminate govt through doctors. Bodi don't want to be a doctor. Patients don't like her plan. **Worst:** Don't ask Murray herself. Her mind works here.

▼ Backers' envy: \$100 million from Royal Bank rewards after it also ordered mortgage interest. Also lost million to the CRTC's coffee after it even limited tax based on foreign transactions. Wouldn't hurt to talk up their past performance yourself.

▲ Jack Chan: U.S. Chinese business together to call for a Council of the Federation to coordinate relations with Ottawa. Don't expect, but anything gets on and to the premier's summer golf and grape juice welcome.

▼ Defense industry: "Buy American" clause in proposed is a new law to end Canadian makers of military equipment. Thousands of jobs at stake. But after long, can Canada really argue it's part of the U.S. home team?

▼ Domestic odds: HealthCare experts talk of ethnic tension being rising risk. Versus, surgery costs also surge that the summer in losing 500 jobs. Don't expect a cooler of Canada also on the back track and here these numbers around.

WORLD

HONG KONG Massive street demonstrations continued even after authorities backed off a series anti-disorder bill endorsed by Beijing. Protesters, in the tens of thousands, held a second day of protests and the resignation of top administrator Tung Chee-hwa.

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY Recall organizers reported enough signatures to force a full vote on removing unpopular California Gov. Gray Davis, a Democrat. If the recall passes, the second part of the recall ballot allows whoever wins the most votes to vote to take over Action Plan for Arnold Schwarzenegger has expressed interest in the job.

NEW ZEALAND Britain's parliamentary foreign affairs committee was highly critical of the Blair government's justification for war with Iraq, suggesting that of saying Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld should change his name, saying troops were not sent because of new evidence of banned weapons, but

new ways of looking at Saddam Hussein's "through the prism" of Sept. 11. In Iraq, **holder attacks** on U.S. soldiers left at least four dead. Another Saddam rape, the second in five days, against resistance. Also, a governing council is set to be established in Baghdad, a step toward self-government.

RELIGION Once Islam's only European outpost under the Spanish Inquisition, Carthage Spain witnessed its first mosque erected in over 500 years, a period during which Muslims complained of forced conversions and expulsions.

The Vatican posted its second deficit in as many years, this one for \$2.2 million.

MOSCOW This suicide bomber, both young women, killed 14 people and injured 60 others at a weekend rock concert. Russian police say they are part of a revenge group of Muslim widows whose husbands were killed in the fighting in Chechnya.

AFRICA War ravaged Liberia also showed welcome on a U.S. team of military analysts.

But on a five-nation tour of Africa, President George W. Bush appeared to urge local solutions, rather than U.S. troops, for Liberia, as well as Zimbabwe.

WOMEN A malaria vaccine will be tested on 2,000 children in Mozambique, taking aim at a disease that kills more African young men than any other.

U.S. researchers have developed a vaccine that appears to tame down some people's allergic reactions to peanuts, while Canadian scientists said active charcoal, a common detoxifier, can slow the reaction once it's begun. New research also said that about 20 per cent of adults with peanut allergies will outgrow them.

DISASTER About 500 people were missing and presumed dead after an overcrowded ferry capsized in a narrow, shallow, treacherous channel in Bangladesh. About 450 died in a similar occurrence a year ago.

CHARITY The Deane Memorial Fund, whose city started after the late Prince of Wales,



Medicine | The world mourns unique twins who had a dream of their own

Ladan and Lailah Bani's greatest wish was to see each other face to face. For the 29-year-old twins from Iran, joined at the side of the head, the desire to live separate lives was so strong they risked surgery halfway around the world, with some of the best doctors available, but with only a 50 per cent chance of survival. It was not enough. After 52 hours in the operating table, the twins died of blood loss in Singapore's

Raffles Hospital. Ladan succumbed first, then 15 minutes later, accompanied by surgeons but together again in death. Moments upon moments and a second blood transfusion and 300 supporters peacefully toward the silent bodies apart, but were underwhelmed by unexpectedly complex blood flow patterns.

Lailah and Ladan were born to a poor family in Firozabad, but were adopted as children

by a doctor in Tehran who was very much against the surgery. The twins finished high school together, but Lailah's dream of becoming a journalist led them to search the world over for a surgeon willing to try to separate them. It was the only time the surgery—which was first performed successfully on conjoined infants in 1952—had been attempted on adults. It may well be the last.

Quote of the week | 'Why would I sue? To take something that made people around the world happy and try to exploit it for money—that's poverty.'

JAPANESE WRITER RYUICHI SAGA, saying he felt proud not plagiarized other some of his passages found their way into Bob Dylan's lyrics



A LOT OF BULL

Three Spaniards were gored and three tourists trampled in the opening days of Pamplona's annual running of the bulls, a nine-day revel to chest death, fueled by alcohol or stupidity, in the narrow streets of an otherwise sleepy Spanish town. Cross your fingers—no one has died since 1995.

asked other charities for help with its obligations because of a cash crisis. Fund managers blasted the shenanigans on a costly legal fight with an American sovereign company.

A 66-year-old Australian man, James Harrison, who had a life-saving blood transfusion at 15, was awarded the Guinness book world record for the most blood donations: 804, totaling 490 liters.

CANADA

MARIJUANA Canada became the first country to distribute pot to 582 individuals with a medical right to use it. Health Minister Anne McLellan gradually introduced the measure in response to court orders. Ottawa is appealing the ruling and questions the medical benefits of marijuana. But it will still

allow doctors to dispense either seeds or the mature plant at \$5 a gram.

CRAYED A Newfoundland man was found guilty of inflicting sexual parts after trying to unlock a wild pair of unwanted canoe sailors, for US\$120.50, on the Internet auction site, eBay. An FBI sting also led to the arrest of a Toronto man/butcher and war buff, hauled to Buffalo for the sale of a U.S. Congressional Medal of Honor from the 1860s. The medal had been listed on eBay for US\$30,000; U.S. laws prohibit their sale.

MARRIAGE B.C. became the second province, after Ontario, whose top court opened the door to immediate same-sex weddings. A coalition of religious and conservative groups asked the Supreme Court of Canada for the

right to appeal provincial rulings.

Homoecstasy also called Anglicans, as the upstartness of the church's first openly gay bishop in Britain was met with such hostility from Third World Anglicans that Canon Jeffrey John gave up the posting.

SERIAL KILLING Indonesian residents feared a serial killer is on the loose after the body of a woman, the fourth since January, was found in a firm field just outside the city. Two of the victims were identified as prostitutes.

BUSINESS Montreal-based Alcoa Inc., referred to in 1991, a hostile one this time, for French shareholders' sake: Potemkin SA. A friendly takeover was turned down by European regulators three years ago. If successful, the \$3.4-billion bid will make Alcoa the largest aluminum producer in the world.

Two of Hollinger International Inc.'s large U.S. shareholders demanded documents that would show how much the company pays chairman Conrad Black and other insiders through a series of complex transactions. Black had offered to set up a special director's committee to examine allegations of excessive compensation.

DEEP Flashed by Florida Gov. Jeb Bush, Paul Cellucci, the U.S. ambassador to Canada, said a Toronto statement that "Washington may soon lift the meat-cow embargo on Canadian beef." Mexico pointed to be the first to accept Canadian meat again, but a still-twisted Japan dumped \$2.1 million worth of imported Canadian prairie.

AUTO INSURANCE Just days after calling an election for Aug. 5, Nova Scotia Premier John Horgan announced legislation to limit auto injury payouts to \$2,500, part of a plan to lower skyrocketing premiums. Alberta also said it would be willing to cap payouts, as has New Brunswick.

FERTILITY For women hoping to avoid pregnancy, there may be no safe time to have sex. University of Saskatchewan scientists reported. That's because ovulation may not be just a mid-month occurrence, as most doctors and makers of birth-control devices believe, but part of a slow, ongoing process in which egg development can occur up to three times a month. Researcher studied 50 women with normal menstrual cycles, using daily ultrasounds.

BY TIM BOLDWYN



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Mansbridge on the Record



MY SUMMER NOTEBOOK

The scoop on frugal Ralph Klein—and recalling a noble Newfoundland woman

SOME JOTTINGS: I've been collecting in my summer notebook.

Much was made of Ralph Klein's recent trip to Washington, but here's one thing you probably didn't hear about—something that yet again separates the much talked about (some would say much maligned) Alberta premier from most of his counterparts. When leaders from all over the world fly into the U.S. capital for White House meetings, they don't usually arrive in propeller-driven aircraft. Instead, they fly in some of the fastest jets public money can buy.

Not Klein. Even when flying from Alberta to Washington also an easier and probably more comfortable route. According to his office, the flight, on a radio-prop King Air 350, the best aircraft the richest government in this country has, took 7½ hours, not counting one stop needed to get upstaging the way. Now that just seems so frugal you have to wonder whether jet-hopping cabinet ministers in Ottawa are taking note.

ONE OLD ARGUMENT often made and refuted by media from critics that it acts as a "punch" has been that the media's monopoly—different organizations controlled by different owners operate differently. Well that was the argument, which now ought to make in a media field controlled by a single but, perhaps fortunately for those few, the impact of convergence has not been a major public issue in this country. South of the border, a somewhat local TV newspaper merger may get a little more attention, thanks to a former U.S. president wading into the fight. Bill Clinton rose recently that "more media than control over local media will reduce the diversity of information, opinion and entertainment people get. Increasing local coverage will be supported by lowest common denominator issue that let itself"—and this former president knows what that means.

Clinton wants to make this a major pub-

lic policy issue, and is convinced there's a grassroots movement out there to tie into the run-up to an election year. Clinton is and was a lot of things, but everyone agrees he is, and is still, a hawk of a politician. It'll be interesting, to say the least, to see if a Clinton-inspired fight in the U.S. starts some ripples here.

ON A TRIP last month in Newfoundland, I spent a wonderful evening walking around the harbour in St. John's. Among other things, I joined a gathering watching a Russian-made vessel getting back past an on-massachusetts window-shopped my way down Water Street, and spent time reading inscriptions on the various monuments that dot the landscape. I was most struck by one—a 26-foot tall, eight-sided, grey granite shaft standing on a bluff in the middle of town. It's dedicated to someone who died during the 1918-19 flu epidemic, the terrible plague that took the lives of millions around the world, including tens of thousands in Canada. This year, when the SARS epidemic took hold, there were rising reactions of the 1918-19 flu, and the rigors, correctly as it turned out, said it couldn't happen like that again.

The St. John's monument is in honour of someone who died while trying to look after those afflicted. Her name was Ethel Dickenson, and she'd been a volunteer, comforting the sick until she, too, succumbed. I thought after all these years the sad news of Nellie Larue, the nurse who died when SARS struck the North York hospital where she was working on the frontlines of this spring's battle against an unforgiving virus.

Eighty-five years after Ethel Dickenson took her final breath, she is still remembered. Surely, we owe Nellie Larue and all those who have stood with her no less.

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Passages

DIMENSION: Iranian-born, Montreal-based photojournalist Zahra Kazerani, who was arrested by Iranian police on June 23, in a deep coma. While her son, Stephan Kazerani, announced that he'd been informed his mother was brain-dead, Canadian officials can not confirm the diagnosis. Kazerani, 54, was taken to a custody after photographing a local prison where student protesters were incarcerated. What happened while Kazerani was in police custody remains unclear, but Tehran doctors said she suffered from a brain hemorrhage.

ANNOUNCEMENT: ABC TV news anchor Drew Jennings has taken the pledge of allegiance and is now a U.S. citizen.



The Toronto-born, 64, has been living south of the border for almost 40 years, but says he'll retain his Canadian citizenship.

DECEASED: Buddy Breen danced with Shirley Temple in Caprice January, was Audrey Hepburn's husband in Breakfast at Tiffany's and extorted millions with his portrayal of Jod Chumpon on TV's *The Beverly Hills Cop* (1983-71). Breen, 53, died from pneumonia in Toronto, Calif.

ACCUSED: L.A. Lakers guard Kobe Bryant was under investigation after a 19 year old Colorado woman accused the five-time all-star of sexual assault. The alleged incident took place on June 30 near Vail, Colo., where Bryant, 24, was scheduled for knee surgery.

SUSPECT: According to newspaper reports, Montreal police investigating an alleged loan-sharking ring took \$85,000 from a safety deposit box belonging to Canadian police *Joe Théodore*. The 26-year-old reportedly shared the box with his father, Ted, who was one of 16 people arrested last month in connection with the investigation.

DIED: *Harley Showroom* was Britain's chief prosecutor at the Manx women trials in Nuremberg—and also a scandalous judge in one in Britain against Nazi propaganda. William Joyce, known as "Lord Haw-Haw" Showroom, 101, died in his home in Cowbridge, south of London.

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WORDS, GUNS AND ANGUISH

Language can be as powerful as any weapon, writes ANNA PORTER

Numerous Middle East peace plans have been proposed since the Six Day War in 1967. The latest, the U.S.-sponsored road map to peace, offered a soft sell: once Israel withdrew from the West Bank, it would receive thousands of Palestinian refugees. At the time, Palestinian Prime Minister Mahmoud Abbas was criticized by senior figures in Yasser Arafat's Fatah organization for achieving little in exchange for a ceasefire. Abbas then threatened to resign as PM unless he received stronger support from Arafat, leading to fears that the fragile truce with Israel could end. But for some, the path for peace would continue, as *Toronto* publisher Anna Porter reports after a recent *Middle East* visit.

SARI NUSSIMBAH smiles his elegant fingers for a moment before he lights another cigarette. His ivory worry beads hang from his left palm, their slender, red-onion-tinted bevels over the polished conference table in his office at Al Quds University in

Jerusalem. In the Israeli settlements, people talk of their obligation to defend themselves.

Jerusalem. "It's all in the words," he says. "If we can agree on the words, the rest will fall into place. If we can say this is a land for two peoples—that Palestine is a land for the Palestinian people and Israel is the only state for the Jewish people."

Nussimbah, whose son is studying at the University of Toronto, is, effectively, Palestinian anti-racism. The Oxford-educated philosopher's family arrived in Jerusalem in the seventh century, and its members have held positions of respect ever since. His father served as governor of Jerusalem. Nussimbah, until recently, was the Palestinian Authority's chief representative in Jerusalem.

On June 25, Nussimbah released a joint declaration with Amr Ayman, former chief of Shin Bet, Israel's internal security service, that they hoped would advance the cause of peace.

They call it a "Statement of Intentions," and want to collect thousands of signatures to support its carefully crafted wording that calls for permanent borders, an end to Jewish settlements in the occupied territories, compensation for Palestinian refugees, and the shared administration of Jerusalem.

I spent a week in Israel and the West Bank, listening to people trying to find some common ground. As Nussimbah said, the devil is not in the details of proposed peace agreements, it's in the words. These are people who love to talk. They want to discuss, the Israeli about, they use code words whose meaning has to be defined and redefined. Like "settlements." It's what Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon has talked about disowning. It's what George W. Bush, our president, points to over the hilltop leading into Jerusalem—concentric circles of large, beige houses, built on disputed land, constructed by paved streets to the Israeli capital. They seem permanent, certainly more

than Jerusalem. As does the city of Ariel, home to 20,000 settlers. It has at the end of a long finger of road, a modern highway peeping into the West Bank. A short walk will take you to schools, playgrounds, gardens, shopping centers, promenade—a bustling community that looks and feels established.

From the roof terrace of Ariel's College of Judea and Samaria, where more than 6,000 students, both Muslim and Jewish, study, you can see two Arab villages that have supplied some of the terrorists who have killed students on their way to the campus. Alex Hagh, president of the college, berates at the concept of "land for peace." For him, these are not settlements. "This is our homeland," he says. "Being the only state established for Jews, by Jews, we have an obligation to exist. We act, and we will, defend ourselves."

In Ramallah, where the walls of buildings are covered with posters depicting joyful images, Khalid Shikha, who conducts public opinion polls for the Palestinian Centre for Policy, presents the results of his latest survey of PM intentions. While there is growing optimism that a peace deal may be reached, the poll also reveals a list of problems. Palestinian Prime Minister Mahmoud Abbas has little credibility, corruption is ex-

isting, and despite the fact that half of those surveyed are willing to support the existence of a Jewish state, few imagine there can be meaningful change while Yasser Arafat remains in office.

The question of what to do with Palestinian refugees also accompanied in the way of peace. There are more than four million scattered across the Middle East, and their return would in effect create two Palestinian states: one comprising the West Bank and Gaza, and one inside Israel, where the population would outnumber Jews. This is clearly an impossibility, but, as Nussimbah notes, words can become important. If you want peace with Israel, he says, don't refer to a "right of return." Use a long, terrible sentence instead, he continues, about Israel recognizing the refugees' suffering—and that they will be compensated.

Jordan Pajal, a former military governor of Ramallah and Jericho, is among the many who insist there can be peace while Arafat remains on the scene. We meet at Homsiya, at the International Policy Institute for Counter-Terrorism. Pajal is short-haired and round. Once he had been friends with Marwan Barghout, a Palestinian activist.

But four Israeli soldiers shot Barghout, who is in a Israeli jail charged with murder, allegedly because involved in terrorism. Pajal says the word "bushra" that the West has used upon doesn't actually mean "victory," it means only a "brief respite," allowing terrorist groups to return and unite. In that sense, says Shikha Arian, a professor of political science at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, George W. Bush's road map to Nussimbah and Ayman's statement do not go far enough. "Until there is recognition of our right to exist," says Arian, "there can be no peace."

In Shikha's recent survey, Barghout emerged as a popular choice to help lead the Palestinian Authority. Nussimbah doesn't make it into the top five, but he has been giving speeches across the West Bank, and has collected 1,700 signatures from people who, despite death threats, are brave enough to sign these statements. I ask him why he persists, when he could leave and work at almost any university in the world. He drags on his long cigarette and tells me that his people have been here for 4,000 years. "How could I leave now?" he asks. Nussimbah echoes the words of my Israeli friend, Sari, a Holocaust survivor: "For 2,000 years, this has been my home. No one, no matter how monstrous, will ever make me leave."

At Beldi, on the outskirts of Ramallah, I signed a trial. Here, on this army base—a collection of low, clipboard buildings surrounded by barbed wire, camouflaged tanks and heavily armed soldiers—a group of alleged terrorists is being tried in a military court. The prisoners' families wait in a fenced-in area across from the court building. They are then released from the duty road by a young Israeli soldier. It's perhaps 30, and inside the wall, older women with respect. They are given signs at the front. The four prisoners are all young men, grieving very slowly at their families.

They are accused of planting a bomb on a road to a settlement, and attacking opposing soldiers with Molotov cocktails. The soldiers talk and stare. Despite a prohibition, some still wear goggles, as if we are in two very different worlds: the weathered and the watched. The prisoners and the Israeli soldiers are leaning toward one another in the sitting bench, talking in both Arabic and Hebrew to one another. I have a sense that they are of the same fabric—despite the terrible times, they will work out a peace. □

DANGEROUS MISSION

Forget peacekeeping—Canadian soldiers in Kabul could find themselves in combat

THE SUN had climbed high into the March sky over Kabul when two Danish F-16 fighters or bombers screamed overhead. A Dutch patrol with the International Security Assistance Force poling Kabul had been attacked south of the city in an area soldiers call Little Mogadishu, a reference to the disastrous 1993 UN peacekeeping mission in Somalia. A Dutch soldier had been severely injured and his translator killed when a remote control bomb laddered in the girders of a bridge exploded, and the jets were on their way to provide cover for a helicopter carrying medical staff to the scene.

Afghanistan remains a deadly place. Nearly 19 ISAF soldiers have been killed in attacks and accidents since the force was put in place in December 2001. The attacks, which have been increasing, have been launched by remnants of the Taliban, al-Qaeda fighters, and rogue elements attached to warlords who reject the mission of Western forces into this most Muslim country. As of this August, Canadians will be on the firing line as well when 1,800 of our soldiers arrive to join Kabul's dangerous streets.

When Jean Chrétien made the decision last February to send the troops—an advance team of 250 is already there—he was under intense pressure from the opposition to contribute to the U.S. led invasion of Iraq. At one point, senior staff at the Prime Minister's Office asked the Department of National Defence to compile a list of missions our military, already badly stretched and in an inadequate capacity, could carry out. Most involved going to Iraq, but at the behest of the late DND included joining ISAF, which is currently led by the Netherlands and Germany and gives Europe a stake in the future of Afghanistan. Without consulting cabinet or debating the issue in the House of Commons, Chrétien decided on that option. In so doing, he did manage to demonstrate his opposition to U.S. involvement in Iraq by joining a European-led operation in Afghanistan. But while this may have kept Canada out of the Iraq firing line, we've

readily leapt into the Afghan fire.

I spent almost two months with ISAF earlier this year—and it's obvious to me that Canadian soldiers are going to die in Afghanistan. This will not be a peacekeeping mission in the way the Liberal government likes to portray them: lightly armed Cans don't negotiate with rival soldiers. This will be closer to a combat mission, more in line with the role Canada played in the 1990s in Bosnia, where 23 Canadian soldiers died. But Afghanistan is far more perilous. In Bosnia, combatants usually fought conventional battles. In Afghanistan, Canadians will face soldiers death from mortars and guerrilla fighters.

I had a taste of the dangers our troops are about to face while traveling on patrol through Kabul's darkest streets with the Gelwitsgers, one of Germany's elite light infantry units. On that night, their task was to clear a narrow footpath from firing 107mm rockets as ISAF camps—something that was increasing, both in number and accuracy. The Gelwitsgers were equipped with Wesel anti-tank vehicles that have anti-tank missiles, and night-vision equipment.

In a game of cat and mouse, the Gelwitsgers hunted for terrorists in the dangerous Bagmati district on the city's eastern edge, set against the backdrop of the towering Hindu Kush mountains. According to intelligence sources, truckloaders with plastic explosives were coming from Iran, destined for a covert bomb laboratory somewhere in Little Mogadishu. While a sweep failed to turn up explosives, a cache of several hundred 70mm rockets was discovered in the surrounding hills.

But the Gelwitsgers concede that, under the surface, all power in Kabul belongs to troops loyal to warlords, who now occupy bases in the city that once belonged to the Taliban. These soldiers are well armed, with guerrilla weapons, AK-47 assault rifles, and anti-aircraft Scud ones are reported to have thermobaric munitions, incredibly lethal weapons that may have been stolen from the



Russian army in Chechnya. They'll build in with explosive support, which then blows up with devastating impact.

Canadian troops, who are still training for the mission, will be jumping into this on October 1 at a critical time. The Loya Jirga, an assembly of Afghan tribal chiefs, is set to meet in the fall; the presidential election will follow in 2004. Warlords will be asked to give up much of their power—the source of their wealth—and let democracy take root. There are more than 27,000 fighters loyal to various warlords in Kabul (and an estimated 100,000 in the whole country), and no one familiar with Afghanistan's history of bloody ethnic divisions expects them to quietly disarm and retreat into the mountains. With so much at stake, there will no doubt be violence.

If fighting breaks out, the 4,600 ISAF troops will find it almost impossible to control a city with a population exceeding two million. As for the rest of Afghanistan, it is for the most part openly controlled by war-

lords. There is little infrastructure, and the Afghan literacy rate exceeds 75 per cent, a serious challenge to implementing concepts like democracy and equality. In all words, the warlords, not the government of President Hamid Karzai or ISAF troops, are likely to determine the political future.

Defence Minister John McCallum has rationalized the dangers facing our troops, saying Canada must continue to take part in the international war on terrorism. But money in the military would find this is the right contribution to make. They would no doubt point out that while ISAF operations may be sustained by the UN, the force's mandate is exceedingly vague. When it arrived in 2001, its purpose was to give Europe a voice in the future of Afghanistan and provide support to the Karzai government. But here's the wrinkle: early on, protection of Karzai, and the survival of the Afghan national army, was taken over by American forces because ISAF lacked the capability.

There is little coordination between the

An advance team from the Royal Canadian Regiment patrolling the streets of Kabul

American and ISAF. The U.S. continues to hunt down al-Qaeda and Taliban fighters inside Kabul and across the country. In the process, they often crush the aid of warlords who are not aligned with Karzai. As informal as these alliances are, they will be hard to break, especially with the Taliban and al-Qaeda still active. And that often pins the U.S.'s strategic agenda (the complex eradication of al-Qaeda against ISAF, which wants the warlords removed and Karzai's authority expanded across the country).

With Canada now part of ISAF, it can be argued that the Prime Minister succeeded in drawing a line between Canada and the American agenda in the region. We will show the flag in Kabul, along with the Europeans, and talk about nation-building, while the Americans go about the dirty business of guarding al-Qaeda and Taliban remnants across the country. But there are

huge risks to our troops, and that in part explains why so many in DND oppose the mission. The major concern is security, if the mission in Kabul spins out of control and the warlords' troops turn on the Canadians, whose will they retreat to? (Remains of the marlized bodies of U.S. soldiers being dragged through the streets of Mogadishu by troops loyal to Somali warlords immediately come to mind.)

Ottawa stripped the Canadian forces of their ability to carry out. If attacked, they will be dependent on the U.S. to evacuate them. That of course raises a number of questions. The most obvious: why would this Liberal government, the most anti-American in memory, leave it up to the U.S. to rescue Canadian troops? In the violent world of Kabul, such a rescue may move from possibility to reality very quickly. ■

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Cover

PIERRE BERTON'S KOREA

Fifty years after the war's end, the author reflects on lessons learned—and continuing failures

It is the world's last Cold War smoldering, a bloodied and fireborn border sealed upon to end a conflict 50 years ago this month. It is also one of those sores that just will not heal. On one side, South Korea—free, democratic, prosperous. One of Asia's lightning economic rises. Its democracy so vigorous you can set your calendar by the onslaught of student demonstrations every year. On the other side of the 38th parallel, the starving North, the so-called Hermit Kingdom of 22 million led by a tiny paranoid despot, Dear Leader Kim Jong Il, who orders routine air-raid warnings and recently put the world on nuclear alert.

It wasn't supposed to be this way. For much of the past year, neutralization was the watchword. North and South Korea were to follow Germany's lead. And why not? If China and Russia, the Communist North's long-suffering sponsors, can embrace capitalism, then why can't a devastated satellite. But then U.S. President George W. Bush in Pyongyang in his rhetorical night as a member of the Axis of Evil. And in response, Dear Leader Kim started the nuclear club. He test-fired mid-range rockets into the Pacific and let it be known he was developing nuclear warheads. He even, this month, suggested he might nuke the 1953 truce line. All this as he sends large sporting groups to play in the democratic South. Happy anniversary.

Some of it, of course, is the testing of a

desperate man. But much can be seen as history's rampage. For centuries the Korean peninsula was a proving ground for conquerors, from the Mongols to China, Japan and Gen. Douglas MacArthur, as the es- sential Pierre Berton details below. Today, China is once again at war with the Korean life. And the U.S. is set to pull back its 27,000 troops from the "fortified" border. A gesture of goodwill? Or just freezing the ground up for a pre-emptive air strike?

In some parts of the world, 50 years of peace passes with exquisite understanding. In others, the tinder is always dry.

BY THE TIME I covered the "Island of the Morning Calm" as a correspondent for this magazine in March 1951, the war—euphemistically known as a United Nations "police action"—had been raging up and down the battered Korean peninsula for some nine months. Also, the mythology of the Cold War and the hubris of Gen. Douglas MacArthur ensured that it would drag on for more than another two years before the fighting stopped, half a century ago.

I remember rattling down the impossibly narrow road that followed the broad valley of the Han River on route to the ransacked South Korean capital of Seoul. It was spring—the flanks of the valley above, with scales and rhododendrons, the soft mist rising from the river below half obscuring the peaks of the conical hills in a Chiricacawi. But the spectacle of Seoul shattered that illusion. It was, as I reported as MacArthur, a "oasis of a city" without running water or electricity.

Pickie (left) Berton, left explained: "The Chinese come here, so all back."

looted of food and fuel, its pre-war population of 1.5 million reduced to one-seventh that number. MacArthur's blind and foolish ambition had guided the Chinese into war, and they had pilked the country clean, looting it of every grain of rice, every scrap of cloth, every stick of fuel, and every curtain, window blind, blanket and all the other brass and jewellery they could find.

east gate, trying to sell anything the Chinese had raised—from alive ornaments to expensive brocade—in order to buy food. There wasn't a working vehicle left on the streets save for those owned by the UN command. To drive down the thoroughfares of that proscribed community was an eerie experience, made eerier by the presence of a Korean policeman at every intersection, waving an iron inhibitor traffic.

drick walls of Korean homes, seeking valuables hidden between the studs. I can still remember my teenage impertinence, when we called Dolso, standing in the front room of his former home, surveying the damage. Except for a few sticks of furniture, nothing was left for Dolso to come home to. A normally cheerful youth, his face now remained a mask. "The Chimeras must come here, sir," he said. "All right."

The war was going on all around us. I spent one night at UN headquarters in Seoul, listening to the rattle of submachine gunfire and the clump of grenades welded by five-man guerrilla teams left behind by the retreating Chinese. Seoul was barred to all non-military personnel save for war correspondents—and the good reason. The UN had issued orders to shoot on sight anybody moving after midnight.

One day, driving through the old Chang Gyeong Won Palace gardens, a public park and zoo, I came upon an odd spectacle. Every cage stood vacant; every animal had been eaten – with one exception. There, picking its way through the debris was a lone and starving ostrich, the most bedraggled creature I've ever beheld. As my suggestion, the UN continued made the big bird its mascot.

This was only a small absurdity in a war fraught with anomalies. The original UN purpose, when 115,000 North Koreans first invaded the South on June 25, 1950, had been to drive them back behind the 38th parallel. By the time I arrived in Seoul, that goal had long been forgotten. The purpose of the police action had changed overnight into an all-out war; first, to unite the two Koreas and later, in March 1953,



Bill Lanton, 41, greets a visitor to his Surrey, U.K., home with a handshake that could crack concrete. Age and illness have panned away much of the muscle he used to grant effect in Korea as proved sergeant of the Second Battalion of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, but some things don't diminish with time. Lanton's memories are as powerful as his grip. Some nights, his wife and three sons, old but still tall like his dreams. People who haven't known war, he says, don't realize its powerful hold. "This is in our heads—and we can't get rid of it."



As a military police sergeant, Larsen had the unenviable task of being disciplinarian for a volunteer battalion hurriedly trained to im-

the Roman "police action"—a sanitized term for what Larson now calls a "forgotten war." The jobs were occasionally rough, but fair, he says. "It was my job to give them their punishment, straighten them out, and get them back to their companies." That might involve a week of duties worked at double time with a 40-lb. sack of sand on their backs, or an extended stay in Larson's jail, called the "cooler bar hotel."

Discipline was the essential glue, Larson believes. Without it, the battalions might never have survived one of its toughest tests, a withering Chinese assault in Korea's Rapyong Valley on April 24-25, 1951. The fighting killed 10 Amer-

ians and wounded 25, but the Patriots held their ground, earning a U.S. presidential citation for "gallantry, determination and esprit de corps."

Korea was Lister's second war. In 1941, at 35, he'd joined the Provost Corps and spent most of the war overseas. He remained in the army as an investigator, and when the call came for combat duty in Korea, he says "it was only right" that he volunteer. It saddened him that Carveth distanced itself from the U.S. in the recent war. "Somebody had to strengthen him out," he says of Saddam Hussein. "Somebody had to strengthen Hitler out."

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Frederick Maitland's first battle in Korea was his last. As a 22-year-old platoon commander, he participated in an assault on a hill in central Korea in February 1951. Near the end of the day-long battle, Maitland suffered head injuries after a Chinese concussion grenade landed near him. Though he was out of combat for the rest of the war, Maitland remained in the military until 1958, serving with the rank of major. Now 76, Maitland serves as a volunteer at the Museum of the Regiments in the home city of Calgary. A partial account to Calgary Bureau Chief Peter

Divergence of a day: Middlemen will never forget

The attack was carried out under heavy machine-gun fire. We took casualties, left and right. Guys wounded, guys killed. It did not go well; I could no longer find any of my soldiers. I just into a trench and found the body of a soldier from another platoon, I gave him some money, but I think I was giving morphine to a dead one. I continued to crawl up the trench and met a Chinese soldier who stood up and had his rifle pointed at me. He shot, but his rifle misfired. I shed my rifle, but still had my grenade belt, but my pistol didn't fire, I cocked the action to get rid of the jammed round. This Chinese soldier was still coming, and I knew

view at least, to wage a war against the Communists with the help of Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese Nationalists.

This madness was aggravated by the aliyah failure of Western intelligence. In spite of obvious clues, the North Korean invasion caught the United States by surprise just as the American response caught Canada by surprise. This country entered the war reluctantly, following the fiction that it was really a UN effort, and not an American adventure.

When the North Koreans swept down the peninsula, the Republic of Korea's army melted away. The United States, using the UN as a front, began to pressure Canada to rush troops to shore up the ragged American force of conscripts and battle-weary men who had been cobbled together to maintain a tenuous hold on the top point of real estate at the peninsula's southern tip known as the Pusan Perimeter.

Ottawa was hesitant about getting involved in what looked like another foreign war and which even threatened to become a third world war. In 1941, we had sent untrained Canadians to their deaths in fruitless attempts to shore up Hong Kong. Now, with American troops facing before the advancing North Koreans, the panic was on edge again. In the end, Ottawa opted for a single brigade, 26 fighter pilots, 12 transport planes and six destroyers. We didn't want another Hong Kong and made it clear that the brigade was destined for action in Korea—and only in Korea.

At first, we didn't have enough fighting men to fill the pledge but, surprisingly, when the call went out for volunteers, Canada responded with remarkable enthusi-



MacArthur's already ambitious gauged the Chinese (opposite) Partisan in action

sim. All across the country, recruiting depots were jammed. Within two weeks, close to 10,000 men had joined the Canadian Army Special Force. Half were veterans of the Second World War. They joined for a variety of reasons: for adventure, to avoid the deadly dullness of post-war Canadian life, to escape from a loveless marriage, to join their comrades on a last trip to a war zone. Patriotism was at the bottom of the list. There was little flag-waving. A few joined because this was a UN undertaking and the brand-new body was still untried.

In an earlier war, I have called the Korean adventure the "No War." And so it was. The panic that assailed when the North Koreans put a stronghold on the Pusan Perimeter by early August 1950 abated following MacArthur's famous left hook a month later, leading to a amphibious force in Incheon, west of Seoul, catching the enemy by surprise and forcing him behind the demilitarized line. The police action was, in effect, over—

or would have been except for the new like general's hunger for total victory. In Asia, now the war aim were broadened: the emboldened Korean peninsula must be united. Both sides agreed on that, but would a unit of Korea be a unitarian Communist state, at the North desired? Or a Western style democracy, at the American insisted?

On Oct. 9, 1953, the U.S. Eighth Army crossed the 38th parallel and for all practical purposes, Canadian troops were no longer needed. All the U.S. required was a token force to show the flag and maintain the fiction that this was a UN operation. Canada responded by dividing its Special Forces into two. One partially-trained battalion from the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry would be dispatched as soon, in time to take part in MacArthur's expected triumphal advance to the north. Another two battalions, under Brig.-Gen. John Rockingham, would be trained at Fort Lewis, an American military camp in Washington state. If needed, they could be sent across the Pacific to Korea, if not across the Atlantic as our contribution to NATO.

Now, we could all breathe easier. Canada would have the advantage of taking part in the coming victory with little chance of any Canadian blood being spilled, a classic example of the old adage about seeing your role and having it too. Having shilly-shallied about entering the war, Canada now began to pay the price for the dance last minute reneging. The hike, the lance, and the shill, quite literally, had to be worked out. The Royal Canadian Regiment lost 500 men sent for service by the time they left Fort Lewis. In Korea, the Princess Patricia had to send 159 back home. All in all, 3,230



looked over and stretched out, we fell right in front of me. I watched as the cotton balls that flew out of his padded uniform slowly turned red. The thought went through my head, "Cover me." Unfortunately, the message was never received. "So when I went back to report the situation, they told me the A-10 and the F-4 were down," recalls MacKenzie, now 62. "I didn't expect to be shot down by my own guys."

'Shot down by my own guys'

Andy MacKenzie came back to the home where the Korean War ended for him—more than 36 months after it did for everyone else. A Second World War pilot who flew Spitfires over Europe—and was credited with 11½ kills—MacKenzie volunteered for Korea just for the experience of flying F-56 fighter jets. He did-

n't get much. His exploits came to a quick end, during one of his first live-fire sorties over North Korea. "I spotted two MiGs and radioed, 'Bom, I see something at five o'clock. Cover me.' Unfortunately, the message was never received. "So when I went back to report the situation, they told me the A-10 and the F-4 were down," recalls MacKenzie, now 62. "I didn't expect to be shot down by my own guys."

Actually, it should have been a case of one of a kind to MacKenzie, who moved from the armed forces in 1946 and settled near Ottawa by then. The only other time he was shot down was over France, seven days into the D-Day Allied invasion, when an American attack bat-



for an enemy. In Korea, however, the friendly fire ended his own. He had to eject at 30,000 feet

and was captured by a squad of Koreans and Chinese soldiers. It was 1 p.m. on Dec. 4, 1952.

MacKenzie spent most of the next two years in solitary confinement in a Chinese prison. The experience was more harrowing than any he'd had in combat. His captors interrogated him three times a day and repeatedly threatened his life. He was not physically beaten, but the teenage rats of cabbage soup and starchy rice took their toll. He went from 264 to 122 lb. The hardest part, he says, was the constant fear he would be killed. "You just sit there 24 hours a day and every time the door opens, you think 'That's it. He's going to stop by making Victor Hugo's Les Misérables

and the entire works of Charles Dickens. "The Chinese liked writers who were critical of social conditions in the West," he explains.

When the fighting finally stopped in July 1953, MacKenzie could see no end to his confinement. It was only through the intervention of Canadian diplomat Chester Bowring—who doggedly kept asking Chinese officials about the whereabouts of the only Canadian force pilot shot down during the conflict—that he was eventually freed. MacKenzie says he was forced to sign a declaration that he had been shot down over Chinese territory. "It was a lie, but I'm sure I'd been shot," he says. "A few days afterwards, he was released—on Dec. 5, 1954, almost

exactly 1 year. His captors may not have cared much about the truth, but they had an unerring sense of timing.

JULIAN BRYANT

Memories to the grave

Men have changed, a lot, since Alan MacLeod was a tough 28-year-old from Quebec City, fighting for his life halfway around the globe, shooting mortar shells over Korean War. "Our men in Bosnia today, they sleep in private rooms with showers, they have psychologists at their disposal, and they can call the wife on the phone every night," he says. Korea was something else. "We slept in dugouts. Some-

men were discharged from the hastily reformed Special Force.

The Patriotes, with whom I spent much of my time in Korea, finally shipped out of Seorŭi, Wŏn, on Nov. 25, 1890, more than two months after the British landing. But even before the Canadians set sail, the entire complexion of the war had changed. MacArthur, who could do no wrong after the Inchŏn turnaround, had determined to destroy, not contain the enemy. He had coasted into North Korea on Oct. 9 with his full force and pushed on toward the Yalu River at the very border of China. The police action had become a full-scale war.

That was madness. The Chinese had made it clear that the American plan to capture all of Korea and reunite the two peoples was unacceptable. But the myopic general ignored his own intelligence. "They won't do it," he kept saying of Chinese threats to retaliate. Twice before the Patriotes embarked, some 100,000 Chinese "volunteers" had already crossed the Yalu and were killed up on the North Korean side. On Oct. 25 they attacked—and the Big Bug, as the GIs called it, began.

Driven halfway back to Seoul, the UN forces regrouped, and on Nov. 24 MacArthur launched his first offensive. But two days later, with the Canadian troops (no mention to the Canadian government) withdrawn, the Chinese struck again. By the time the Patriotes reached Korea in mid-December, U.S. Maj. Gen. Walton Walker's Eighth Army had been driven across the border, retreating 240 km to the Yalu. The war was reversed. In MacArthur's words, it was "an entirely new war." He should have known, he learned it.



For Druphy there was far too much talk about the "liberty-loving Korean people."

The Patriotes now learned that instead of performing occupation duties, as Ottawa had believed, they were to be thrust into action. A U.S. officer was on hand to welcome them and to inform their commander, Lt.-Col. "Big Jim" Stene, that he was expected to lead the Canadians to the front line in just three days to help stem the Eighth Army's agonious retreat.

The troops may have been hastily recruited, but their officers were hand-picked veterans of the recent global war. Some had a directive from Ottawa in his pocket, ordering him to stay out of my engagement until his men were trained to his satisfaction. The last thing Canada needed was another Hong Kong. When the American command learned that the Canadians had come to fight, not to train, Stene showed his resolve. He commanded an airplane, flew off to Eighth Army headquarters, still in Seoul, produced his directive, and was

gradually allowed eight weeks to get his men in shape. He got the job done in six. Meanwhile, on Jan. 4, 1951, the Chinese reoccupied Seoul.

What struck me during my first few days with the Canadian troops was the appalling lack of understanding among the rank and file, who, for the most part, had no real idea why they were in Korea. They were tough, resourceful and skilled; they had exchanged shots with the enemy, and discipline was not a problem. But the Why We Fight kind of lecture that had been part of basic infantry training in the Global War wasn't part of the syllabus. How could it be in this today tony conflict?

Once the North Koreans and Chinese were again driven out of Seoul and back across the 38th parallel in early April 1951, the debate on war aims was re-opened. With the Chinese in the equation, MacArthur gave every evidence of starting a new world conflict. Again the war took on a different meaning, and little Korea, ignored by the West for years, was now seen as a domino to the big power contest.

Korea was a war of platoons and sections, not armies. My first dispatch from the front to MacArthur's command arrived a section leader, Kerry Druphy, the only man in No. 1 Section with a university education, who at the outset thought he knew what he was fighting for. The Korean experience warmed him, as it did many others, one by one. For Kerry like Druphy, there was far too much talk about the "liberty-loving Korean people." As he put it to me: "What in hell have they got to gain from freedom as long as they've got their rice?"

It was the Korean peninsula that took the

real beating in the war of attrition. If the Chinese melted the country day, the allies from the West did their best to destroy it. A million and a half refugees driven out of the war zone had found a new home in a hole. The narrow roads had been rendered impassable, entire communities had been wiped out, and the little fields were ravaged by the tramp of army boots. It reached a climax in troops on reconnaissance here through the searose rice paddies, from which green shoots were already springing up.

Nobody gave a damn. In army parlance all Koreans were "pooki" who could be pushed around, sworn and shouted at if they got in the way. Indeed, the Chinese were looked on with more respect. They, too, had one thing in common with our own troops: They had no idea when they were fighting or why. I spent some time in a prisoner-of-war compound at Taegu, where I was able to interview Chinese prisoners through an interpreter. He told me that he had been shipped off by train from Manchuria and put into an infantry division, but had no idea he was in Korea until his superiors broke it to him. His story in retelling, in a wistful fashion, with that of a private in Druphy's platoon who wandered the impression that he was fighting (Ching Kwei-shih's Newfoundland).

With China in the war, Ottawa had abandoned the peaceful hope that the rest of the Special Forces—now renamed the 25th Infantry Brigade Group—would not be needed to join the Patriotes in Korea, that military and political bureaucracies move at a leisurely pace, and the full brigade would not reach Pusan until the first week in May 1951.

On April 22, the Chinese had launched their spring offensive to capture Seoul once more and to destroy the Eighth Army, now under Lt.-Gen. Matthew Ridgway, which had been stubbornly fighting in my back pocket past the 38th parallel. Then, the Canadians found themselves embroiled in one of their bloodier encounters of the war. This was the Battle of Kapyŏng, fought at a cliff between two menacing peninsulas that marked one of the invasion routes into South Korea.

The taller and stouter of these hills—almost half a mile high—was guarded by the Canadians. Commanded by at least three to one, they clung stubbornly to their post, obeying Big Jim's order to "be steady, kill, and don't give way," so were after were of



Ignored by the West for years, Korea became a do-or-die in the big power contest.

Chinese charged the eastern ridge. This was a Commonwealth effort, with the Patriotes withdrawing the brunt of the attack and using Seoul force yet another "liberation." As it reads, they were the only Canadian soldiers in history to be awarded the American "corvetted Distinguished Unit Citation for bravery."

By then I had left Korea. When the remainder of the Canadian brigade finally arrived in May 1951, it was ordered to be wounding down. On May 16, the Chinese tried to subvert their spring offensive with another surprise attack: the northern 17,000 fatalities and 36,000 wounded. Three weeks later, the newly arrived Canadians fought their first action when the Royal Canadian Regiment tried and failed to take a strategic hill at a cost of six lives and 25 wounded. On July 16, 1951, the two opposing sides in this unresolvable war set out to discuss terms for a cessation of hostilities.

The war was, in effect, over. Or was it? The generals and the politicians babbled on for two years and 17 days while the soldiers continued to die on the hills and in the no man's land. The war of attrition became a war of constant night patrols across an impenetrable demarcation line, while men went to their deaths in land, bloody villages that never ceased to be. The statistics are sobering. For more Canadians were killed after the armistice talks began than in the

seven preceding months of the hot war.

It required 1,076 meetings before the shooting finally stopped on July 27, 1953. Close to 200,000 South Korean troops were killed; the Americans counted 33,629 corpses, their allies 3,360, including 309 Canadians. On the other side, the Chinese and North Koreans lost an estimated 1.5 million fighting men. How many civilians died? Nobody bothered to tell the victims. After all, they didn't really count.

In truth, the war never really ended. The armistice has not been followed, to this day, by a peace treaty. The U.S. were on no-war adventures, having learned nothing from Korea, and was thus doomed to suffer a similar tragedy in Vietnam. With the UN use of the picture this year in Iraq, our half-hearted response to the American attempts to make the Korean conflict a small island of fear, using the UN as a fig leaf, has considerable resonance today.

Korea should have taught us that wars are no longer winnable. Not much has changed since the Yalu War began. The two Koreas still remain separated by an invisible boundary close to the 38th parallel—as they were when the first shots were fired. But there is no difference. Fifty years after the armistice, North Korea has managed to join the soccer club and thumb its nose at the United States. The war may be forgotten, but the potential for another lingers on.

times it was so cold that the water froze at the bottom of the pits—but we didn't have sleeping bags. We stitched wool blankets together with dewclaw wire." His tour of duty lasted more than a year. "Four hundred and fourteen days. I counted each of them."

Michael, now 73, reached the front lines five hours before his segment was blown to bits by a bomb. In the '50s, young stars like Michael described their time when struggling with the horse, the shock, the stress, the pain of combat. "We never told our stories to the outside world," he says. "We kept them all bottled up inside. These are memories I'll take to my grave." Korea left both emotional and physical scars.

"We controlled hilltops, but the enemy moved after dark," he recalls. "I was on a run to get supplies one night and a shell exploded. Leg-pieces, shrapnel in my face, skin burned brown, peeling off. Going deaf, the blast sending you flying in the air, like you're out of your body through your nose and ears and whatnot."

My answer was the same after he came back: "To this day I have not slept with the door closed." Michael says his voice cracking. He recently took to seeing a psychologist. "So many god-awful images," he says, before me reverberating to sleep.

But that's OK. Today, real eyes can cry.

BYRON BROWN



'THE PARADOX OF U.S. POWER'

The British historian explains how an imperial America could benefit the world

NIAL FERGUSON has made a healthy career out of turning history on its ear. The 39-year-old author and academic—he's a professor of financial history at New York University's Stern School of Business and senior research fellow at Oxford University—has produced six books on such diverse subjects as the First World War and the Rothschild business empire. Ferguson's latest book, *Empire*, examines the down and sunset of England's global ambitions, arguing that America's role wasn't so bad. He recently spoke with *Maclean's* National Correspondent Jonathan Gershon about Britain's past and the lessons for America's future.

Around the world, the level of anti-Americanism has never been higher, but it seems to matter less than ever before. Why is that? Being liked or being loved isn't really an integral part of being a successful great power, or indeed a successful empire. You could point to the British experience 100 years ago, and ask how popular were they? These things only matter if they translate into a less-than-successful threat. And at the moment, the strategic threat posed by the well-filled arsenals of the U.S.—whether they be in the Middle East or Western Europe—is much less than the strategic threat once posed by the Soviet Union, which was ideologically hostile to the U.S. and capitalism.

Is there any connection between the slow unravelling of the British Empire over the first half of the 20th century and the growing level of resentment its subjects felt?

I don't think so. To understand the decline of British power you need to look at Britain's relative economic decline, but more importantly at Britain's strategic failure to deter the biggest threat to her power—Germany. The obvious response to that threat prior to 1914 was to create a large and credible land force that would deter the German from going to war. The British failed to do that. The nationalist movements that arose in the British Empire, in Egypt and India for

example, needed Britain to suffer a massive strategic setback and serious economic weakness before they could really make headway. So from an American point of view, being unpopular isn't that big a deal, unless you are strategically or economically weak. And so far, it's only really manifested itself in a very small number of terrorist attacks—including the spectacular events of Sept. 11.

There has been concern recently about the deficit and debt problems facing the U.S. Do you see that as a threat to their empire?

Yes. I think the American fiscal position gives cause for long-term concern because, when you calculate the present value of all the liabilities of the social security and Medicaid systems, it exceeds federal revenues by \$3,544 billion. At some point in the foreseeable future there will be a crisis in the American welfare system that will lead to a cancellation of social programs currently in existence. The worry about American overstretch will be that it's not due to the cost of intervening in Afghanistan, Iraq or any place else. It's domestic policies.

You argue that the U.S. is the only country capable of righting the ills of the world. What problems should America fix?

One that springs to mind is the extreme poverty in many parts of sub-Saharan Africa and parts of Asia and Latin America. I think one ought to emphasize how many of the world's poor are poor not because they're exploited by wicked multinational corporations or hurt by the policies of the International Monetary Fund, but because they're governed by corrupt dictators.

The only agency that exists on paper to address these problems through internationalism against bad regimes is the UN. But the UN's resources are very limited, and none of its efforts at peacekeeping have been successful. The argument I've tried to make is that, unless the U.S. continues to intervene against lawless regimes, nothing is going to change. That's the paradoxical Amer-

ican power—great potential, but culturally, politically and fiscally unlikely to sustain its engagement with strategically crucial parts of the world.

Your book also talks about the good points of the British Empire. Are there lessons the U.S. should be learning from its ally's experience?

It's particularly striking in the case of Iraq and Afghanistan, both countries the British tried to anglicize and transform politically in the 19th and 20th centuries. Twenty-third century obvious lessons are invasion building—creating liberal regimes based on the free market and the rule of law. These were British objectives 100 years ago—there's nothing novel about talking the language of liberty while at the same time using military force. But the way the British did it was far more sophisticated than the U.S. seems to be going about it today. The most important difference today is the real absence of a civilian administration, or an ally capable of concentrating institutions in the name of a dictatorship like Saddam Hussein's. The U.S. might be terribly good at overthrowing bad regimes like the Taliban or the Baath party, but they're clueless when it comes to creating viable alternatives.

People around the world wear Nike running shoes and drink Coca-Cola. Why is there such a gap between America's commercial power and its moral influence?

There's the missing link in this imperial project. You have an American military presence in two-thirds of the world's countries. And you have an American commercial presence probably even more of the world. But there's a relative byproduct exposure to what I would call American civic culture that's an absence of credible representatives of civilian power. That's a problem because it means that people simply see the running shoes and the Marines and come to the conclusion that American power is a combination of corporate and military might. But America is based on the rule of law, and it,



in fact, one of the most successful experiments in representative government of all time. That's the thing that many people abroad don't see and aren't aware of. There's a bad need for the Americans to get it right sometimes, so instead people that they do govern, as well as war and business.

Do you think people have a natural yearning for imperialism?

It's a curious feature of our own age that economic globalization has actually been accompanied by growing political fragmentation—the erosion of a plethora of new political entities, many of which don't work

really well. So I don't think imperialism or empire is a universal desideratum in human culture. In many ways the problem at the moment seems to be that nobody wants to run an empire anymore, least of all the United States, who are best capable of carrying it out.



THE CITY ON A ROCK

St. John's is a great place to sink your teeth into

St. John's is gnawing on my bones. I usually carry a small notepad when I travel, just to jot things down: place names, addresses, snippets of conversation, that sort of thing. These scribbled notes can be difficult enough to decipher later on, but in this case—after a night on the town in the Newfoundland capital—I had absolutely no idea what was on my mind. "St. John's is gnawing on my bones" ("I didn't remember writing it, and it didn't even look like my handwriting, though this may have had something to do with the amount of scotch I swallowed [How one doesn't "drink" scotch, and one certainly does not "smoke" scotch, one swallows it, hard, the way one might choke back and liver oil. Or lighter fluid.]

And neither was St. John's itself. You can't take it as with any sign, you have to drink it, you have to swallow it down. You have to wheeze about it and slobber. The oldest city in North America, perched on the easternmost edge of the continent, St. John's has been described as "the world's largest fishing village," and the description is apt.

In St. John's, the houses straddle, as if, such things as possible, and the entire place—the streets, the squares, the alleys—seems to have been laid out without the influence of poetry while under the influence of scotch. From Hill O'Chips to Mile Zero, from Water Street to the colourful harbour lined

up on Jellyfish Row the city is full of angles that don't quite add up.

I once won a bet with a Newfoundland colleague who insisted that St. John's is all enclosed evidence to the contrary—a fairly orderly sort of place and easy enough to get around. His? In response, I threw down a challenge: "Show me one intersection anywhere downtown where two streets actually meet at right angles." So off we went, up and down, this way and that, but every intersection we came upon had some strange kink to it, some odd crease or arbitrary waywardness about it.

Inhibit it. At the map I picked up at the city's tourist office includes the following tip on navigating some of St. John's more notorious intersections—well, quite Queen's Road/Gower Street & Church Hill Area: "Just try it. Hope you're going the right way." Cornwallis Square/Hotel Newfoundland: "Just drive around until you've passed the Hill. Drive east." And this is the map they give out to visitors, mind you.

St. John's, in the Irish say, "is a great place to get lost." Wander around long enough, though, and you will eventually end up at the harbour as surely as river flows down hill. Great ships sit tethered, blending into one the bay, and rising and falling on slow ebbs and flows of water. From the pier, the bay looks like a leaded lake, the Narrows

sealed off by perspective and distance. The very air tastes of salt.

An evening strolled in layers of blue, I followed the crowds to George Street, a single city block wedged tight with palm. The tourist board likes to call it a "cosmopolitan corridor in the heart of Old St. John's." If nothing else, it is arguably the swiftest street in Canada, spilling out with loud laughing crowds, raucous music and open invitation to burnish brows.

In one particularly windy pub, I was adopted by a walk crew from Portugal. George who took an immediate, almost aggressive liking to me. "You're from Alberta, you say? I have a cousin in Port McMurphy, maybe you know him." [Everybody in Newfoundland has a cousin in Port McMurphy.] The crew from Portugal George tossed me with scotch and second-hand smoke, as they nagged me with tales of how their families were so poor "back when" that all they could afford to eat was lobsters. This was not the first time I had been told this. Apparently, half the population of Newfoundland has submitted an lobster as some gift or other. Memo to Newfoundlanders: we have all around the world show how your money doesn't stretch—how low used to be so poor they had to eat lobster. It's a good story, but we've heard it. Please find another.

I eventually stumbled out of the pub with my eyes red and head pounding, as though from a pummeling. The next morning, I woke to a hangover of apocalyptic proportions and cryptic notes scrawled to myself on an increasingly incoherent scrap of St. John's is gnawing on my bones."

Blame on the scotch, that aptly named run of which Newfoundlanders are so inquisitively fond. But if nothing else, my night on George Street inspired the same feeling in me: "How to describe the rational drink of Newfoundland? Bawling, and yet terrible. Horrible, and yet appalling. Wild, and yet, in the same time, dreadful." One could make similar pronouncements about seal flipper pie, I suppose, though I imagine you would have to throw some "really, very truly" into the mix.

Lorraine McGarr and Leslie Thomas of the Atlantic Convention & Visitors Bureau had decided to treat me to flipper pie in Clady's Restaurant, though I located, with mild consternation, that when we got there they'd switched to fish and chips. "Go ahead," they urged. "Seal flipper pie. It's a Newfoundland tradition."

Seal flipper pie is the sort of food that is eaten almost exclusively on a dare, kind of like pirate oxygen or 7-Eleven hot dogs. Theoretically, dark and fishy. It is not the sort of thing you want to face when you have a hangover.

I did like the cod tongue, though. They were quite tender and tasty. "So," I asked. "Which part of the tongue was delicious?" This was, apparently, high on the List of Dumb Things Newfoundlanders Ask. "You're talking about the cod tongue?" Lorraine said.

"That's right."

"But we asked you which part of the cod the cod tongue came from?"

"Yes."

"They came from the tongue," she said. Oh, Goshane. "I thought it was mackerel, or something," I said, faking a wicker fool. Oh, Hade. I didn't even know codfish had tongues.

Narrows in the first time I felt foolish when it came to fish. On my first trip to St. John's, I remember mulling over the menu at a small fish-and-chips shop. It was curious as to whether the various plates listed involved different kinds of fish. Were some halibut, some cod, some flounder? But that's not how my question came out. "Excuse me," I said. "But can you tell what the



difference is between a large fish and chips and a small fish and chips?"

The entire place went quiet. The owner looked at me with a very half-smile and then, speaking slowly in the pausable way one might address an especially dumb-witted child, he said, "Well, by Goshenly speaking, do large fish 'n' chips is slightly bigger than do small fish 'n' chips."

I can hear the laughter ringing in my ears even now. (And as later discovered, in Newfoundland "fish" means cod, plain and simple. The two words are interchangeable.) After the seal flipper and cod tongue, Lorraine and Leslie offered to take me up Signal Hill, the high knot of rock that dominates St. John's harbour. It is a site that is both geologically and historically significant. It is

ST. JOHN'S IS LIKE A BOOZY UNCLE who crashes into your life every couple of years and then charges off, leaving a trail of tall tales and laughter

also where the youth of St. John's sometimes go to rock. "They gorge the view," said Leslie. "Even in the fog."

It was a windy but clear day when we drove up the top, with rolling or anemously crumpled clouds in sight. Along the way, we passed the old water depths of Deadman's Pond, a site of early military exercises. "They say it's bottomless," Leslie piped up from the back seat, her voice sunny and sweet. "There were men who drowned in it. Their bodies never surfaced."

It sounds like a bit of a pulling-the-legs, but I believe it. I believe it in the same way that I can easily imagine playing headline

into St. John's, disappearing into its narrow alleys and never surfacing again.

At the top of Signal Hill sits the lovely lighthouse known as Cabot Tower, a solid, squat, Gothic-style structure built back in 1900. Most of the tower's handsome blocks were originally taken from the Hill itself. It was here Cabot Tower, in an odd looped now gone, that Marconi received the world's first transatlantic wireless message in the winter of 1901. As a cold Atlantic sea stroked the bayside outside, Marconi warmed himself with a cup of hot cocoa... and listened. Through the static came the staccato dials of Morse code for the letter "S"—three dots repeated again and again, sent around the curve of the earth from a base in England, 1,500 km and an ocean away. In Marconi's own words, "Distance had been overcome." It was a moment that would revolutionize human communications.

Marconi described the heights of Signal Hill as "a lofty eminence overlooking the port and forming a natural bulwark which protects it from the fury of the Atlantic winds." It was, in my way, a Gibraltar of the New World. As a key defensive position, Signal Hill was also where the last battle in North America was fought between France and Great Britain, in 1762. It was here that the dream of New France ended and for all. Three years after the fall of Quebec, French forces captured St. John's in a desperate attempt to use the city as a bargaining chip, something to be traded for in the post-war negotiations. But following a rain-soaked battle for Signal Hill and a bombardment of French positions by the British, the French held no chance of success.

At Signal Hill, the cliffs give directly into the sea. Only narrow paths cut through the headlands, allowing ships to squeeze into the protected waters of St. John's harbour. Approaching the Narrows from the outside, vessels are confronted with a solid wall of rock almost the full height, when the entrance finally comes into view just 275 m at its mouth, and soon closing to a mere 90 m. Ships have to enter St. John's, threading their way past submerged rocks and hidden shoals.

A 19th-century merchant compared entering St. John's harbour to sailing through a mountain pass and comparing it to "mighty Colburns." So much history has passed through this narrow gap. The first fishing fleets—Basque, French, English and Spanish—





A SCANDALOUS WASTE

Too many immigrants can't work because we refuse to accept their credentials

PROLO AND (journalist) So, the McDougalls figured they had done everything right when they immigrated to Canada. They had wonced of the rain and blousy winds on the wild Prib of Clyde. David had been a quality control expert for the *Merle* mobile, but the system was obsolete. He could find only supply teaching jobs when the went back to work after having four children in six years. They both craved a new start.

For three years, they took bad jobs in Ontario and B.C., always where they should settle. In late 2001, they bought a sprawling house in Durham, a tiny Ontario town 125 km northwest of Toronto. In June 2002, they came back to land-immigrants with a few pieces of cherished furniture and big dreams. "We asked at the Canadian High Commission what they thought of us getting jobs, especially my wife," says David, 36. "The woman who interviewed us seemed to think we had no problem."

Which has made their plight all the more startling. Before they left, Marie, 44, reached out to Canadian teachers and the Web site of the Ontario College of Teachers, with 12 years of elementary school experience. Her three-year Swedish teacher training certificate, over 200 hours of French, Italian, English and religious teaching and glowing letters of recommendation, she figured all would benefit. The Ontario college rejected: was a huge blow she needs another full year of university before she can teach. "I wish they'd had more up front with us in London," she says fondly. "I wish they had said, 'Look, Mike, McDougall, you will probably find...'"

"She drugs, pointing at the rejection letter. 'This is a shock.'"

It happens too often to too many immigrants. And then comes a landmark 2001 study, the Conference Board of Canada estimated the country lost \$4.1 billion to \$5.9 billion in income annually because it does not recognize the professional qualifications of 540,000 people.

It happens too often to too many immigrants. And then comes a landmark 2001 study, the Conference Board of Canada estimated the country lost \$4.1 billion to \$5.9 billion in income annually because it does not recognize the professional qualifications of 540,000 people. That includes almost 190,000 immigrants, most of them from China and India. It is difficult to imag-

ine how someone with English as a second language tackles the accreditation process: the McDougalls are struggling with the forms.) Between 1991 and 1994, for example, the board processed out 14,279 arrivals from engineering in their intended jobs, only 56 per cent got new professions.

The reasons for this dilemma are complex. The educational system somehow works for day-cared high school graduates, but it is ill-equipped to accommodate with degrees from foreign lands. Then there are the soggy history books themselves, understandably cautious about misrepresenting quality, some have taken refuge in rigid formalism that protect existing members. Finally, there is the Canadian code of evidence jurisdiction there more than 20. We need occupations, each with its own provincial and territorial

CANADA LOSES up to \$5.9 billion in income annually because it does not recognize the professional qualifications of 540,000 people

organizations. (If Marie McDougall could send through this jangle of bureaucracy and forms, who knows? The might even discover she is eligible to teach in another province.) "The moral, logistical complexity of testing this problem is slowing us down," warns the Conference Board's education director Michael Blom, co-author of the 2001 study. "But the importance of immigrants to the economy is growing."

To its credit, Ontario has taken the lead in credential recognition. Last December, Human Resources Minister Jane Stewart announced \$215,000 to the Canadian Council of Professors' union. Engineers could better assess and recognize foreign qualifications. The February budget added \$63 million over two years to bring together provinces, regulators and employers to break

the logjam. Initially, the participants are concentrating on recognition for doctors, nurses and engineers. With success, that drive will expand to other professions.

What will result? In the short term, we should be able to assess prospective immigrants' skills before they arrive. They would then receive a detailed plan outlining the additional courses and workplace experience they would require. (Blom says employers should include courses in Canadian law, customs and language.) "It's about finding ways of ensuring there are no surprises," says HRDC director general Dan Delong.

In the longer run, Ontario is instituting an approach called Prior Learning Assessment and Recognition, dubbed PLAR. That is, to find a way to credit foreign education, on-the-job training and experience, even if that learning does not come with a certificate. The Ontario College of Teachers cannot discuss specific cases—but their separation guide requires three years of full-time university plus a year of teaching training. Marie was confident her extra diploma would compensate for the missing university year. Probably not—unless PLAR becomes an accepted approach. And PLAR is now difficult to apply in professions with strict entrance regulations. But she is appealing on the grounds that her extra certificate compensates for that extra year. (Ontario also needs her 40 per cent of current teachers are expected to retire by 2008.)

Meanwhile, the McDougall family is running short of funds. David has British credentials in everything from power engineering to microwave engineering. But he can't figure out how these translate across here. Over the past year, he renewed the insurance and looked after the kids, April 13 to 16. This fall, he will look for a job as an industrial quality manager—or just something different. "We need the money."

Until the school year ended, Marie worked as an educational assistant in a nearby school, tutoring a Grade 7 student. Now she is in limbo, seriously toting up car insurance costs, house upkeep and the expenses of four thriving children. "I love the seasons, the outdoors, the friendly people," she says. "But, until this college hears the appeal, our life is not working great." The McDougalls' tale is everyone's loss. We cannot emerge strong enough with a better way.

Mary McGugan's column appears every other issue. marymcgugan@canada.ca

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Will Ferguson is the author of *Abandon & Conquer*. Consider a Gourmet Restaurant and Personal. For more on Ferguson, visit his Web site at www.willferguson.ca

CONTENDERS OR PRETENDERS?

The Jays and Expos look to the playoffs—but they have to get through July first

THE BEST PLACE to watch a ball game is about 30 rows up behind home plate, just slightly above the batter. You can see the ball go through the strike zone right into the catcher's mitt, and from that close you can hear clearly when a guy has crushed a pitch by the explosive crack of the bat. It's late June, and the Expos are in town for a three-game series just before the Canada Day weekend. The Sky Dome is open and a fresh evening breeze mixes with the fading sunshine as it pours down at an angle. The announcer reads the lineup after the anthem. I overhear a 10-year-old ask his dad what a DDE is. The popcorn man spins to the bottom of the screen, turns and slowly walks back up, holding his head on a swivel. In the jaysuite the field is the key of the first. 24,000 fans rise from their seats and cheer.

For a Canadian baseball fan, it's a great night, and I don't mean simply seeing both teams on the same diamond. The Blue Jays and Expos entered the contest as reigning overachievers in their respective leagues. After a dismal April, Toronto spent the next two months leading up to the Montreal series (filing an offensive wave that placed it first in the American League in batting average, runs scored and hits, winning nearly seven of every 10 games). The no-name Expos had been equally impressive, stringing eight games over .500, thanks primarily to some young pitchers. Both seemed to be writing their own storybook seasons, earning more games behind their respective division leaders and in good position for a run at a wild-card spot. Exciting, isn't it? Maybe this will be the year a Canadian team gets back into the post-season. Hey, anything can happen, right?

Well, don't hold your breath. Following the all-Canada series, the Jays went on a dual road trip, losing five of seven games, and then returned home to drop three straight to the second-place Boston Red Sox. The Expos, meanwhile, dropped three of four to the division-leading Atlanta Braves, before losing two out of three in the second place Philadelphia Phillies.

It gets worse. After this week's All-Star break, Toronto plays its next six games Boston and New York, making it a total of 12 games against those powerhouses scheduled around the break. Montreal gets a brief respite, playing host to the Florida Marlins, but then faces Philly and the Braves again before the end of the month. It's something called divisional play, where teams in the same division play each other more often than teams in other divisions.

But the odds were stacked against our boys even before their post-Canada Day slump. Toronto's payroll (\$55.1 million) is half that of Boston's (\$103 million) and one-third of New York's (\$153 million). Montreal faces similar scenarios in the National League East. The Braves spend \$53.1 million on players, the Phillies \$45.7 million and the Expos \$35 million. While there are examples of rich teams that lose (New York Mets) and poor teams that win (Kansas City Royals), baseball is a money game. In the past eight World Series, nearly all of the winners—with last year's champion Anaheim Angels the sole exception—played in the top half of the league in payroll. The White Sox, three for five of the past eight World Series, have ranked no lower than second. This year, Montreal and Toronto

half a season, with Delgado on pace to become the first player in 65 years to knock in more than 165 runs. As a team, the Jays have posted some of the most impressive offensive numbers in the bigs. Up to last Friday, Toronto ranked second in the American League in team batting average (.290), hits (943), runs (539), RBIs (321) and slugging percentage (.479).

But while Toronto's offensive numbers are impressive, its pitching—especially the bullpen—is depressive. They have ace Roy Halladay and veterans Cory Lidle and Kelvin Escobar, but the Jays lack an effective fourth starting pitcher, let alone a fifth. But even more of a sore point is the bullpen, which is supposed to put out late-game fires, not ignite them. In the past two weeks the Jays' eleven managers to blow the lead against the Baltimore Orioles and a five-run run lead against Boston.

The Expos are another story. Abandoned by their city, abused by former owners, and largely ignored by Major League Baseball, they're potential underdogs, an afterthought. Baseball tried to get rid of the Expos last year by reducing the number of franchises from 30 to 28, basically erasing the team and dispersing its players. Card never kept Montreal (and the Minnesota Twins), but recently announced Portland, Ore., Washington, and Northern Virginia would pitch plans for buying and moving the club. Some experts expect an announcement as early as this week as to where—and when—the club will go.

But despite all that, the Expos still find a way to win and I just wish I could see them regularly on the tube. They play something called triple splits: get a guy on first, third, second, fourth and then bring him in with a sacrifice fly or groundout to the right side. Simple, effective and unexciting as a manner of playing the game. Led by Frank Robinson, a no-nonsense manager and baseball icon, the team overcame a 26-game road trip to start the season and injuries to key players to bring three games out of wild-card contention at week's end. Wouldn't

you love to see what these guys could do with a healthy lineup, untold home and 20,000 fans cheering them on? Me, too, but I don't plan on moving to Virginia.

To make matters worse for the Expos, it seems like everyone on the National League has a shot at the wild-card spot. There are eight teams within five games of the wild card, another seven, eight teams that will be looking to add talent before the July 31 trade deadline: rather than sell it. Despite having one of the game's most creative general managers in Omar Minaya, budget restrictions will limit the Expos' options even if they're in a shopping mode before the deadline.

The Jays will happen to be within striking distance of the playoffs by the month-end trading deadline. By then, both the Expos and

the Jays will have decided to either roll the dice and make a run for the post-season by buying a pitcher (Jays) or a power batter (Expos), or throw in the towel by trading away some of their high-priced free agents, in return for acquiring low-cost prospects that might be an important cog two years from now. For the Jays, there's always a return to Plan A. General manager J.P. Ricciardi has said 2005 will be Toronto's year, and has been busy acquiring talent, lower-paid youngsters like last year's rookie of the year Eric Hosmer, along with Frank Catalanotto and Ried Johnson.

As I make my way out of the park, the stadium is long gone down their tunnel for a shower and some dinner. It was a good game, well pitched until the ninth inning

when the Expos' pitcher walked in the Jays' winning run. And I got to see the Expos play, my team, the club I already wish could do something beyond themselves and above a post-season berth right back in baseball's fate. I realize I almost resent both teams, playing so well in the first half of the season, going as high, before seasons begin to take their toll, pitchers get tired, and slumps and losses knock them down in the standings. I can't help it. I'm a fan. But no matter what happens over the next two weeks, whether the Jays and Expos emerge as contenders or pretenders, or whether the Expos will stay in Montreal for another season, at least for now, I'll remember that depressing old line laced with hope and regret: There's always next year.



SUGAR AND SPICE NO MORE

A unique Toronto program helps young females who turn to violence

CELINE SAUTISTA skips into the second-floor room at Toronto's Earls Court Child and Family Centre and says a hearty hello to her four classmates. The girls, all of whom have histories of being violent, are settling in for their fourth session of Girls Connection, a 12-week program that helps girls deal with aggression. Their calm demeanours belie the part of their lives. Celine, 13, comes across as the overachiever. "Did you get angry this week?" she challenges one. "Yes," says Celine, her hand waving. "When my mom asked me to go to bed I didn't blow up. I thought about SNOW-Stop Now And Plan. I took a deep breath and my mom and I made a compromise. I could watch 10 minutes of TV and then go to sleep."

Until she started at Girls Connection in April, Celine fought regularly with her mother. Their battles escalated to the point where Celine locked herself in her bedroom and drew knives, including a hammer, at the wall. Her anger was ignited by simple requests, like cleaning up her room or doing her homework. Celine, now a straight A student, saw her mother plummet to Ds. Her mother read an article about Girls Connection as a parenting magazine and thought Celine should enroll. "Earls Court helps me feel good about myself," says Celine. "When I get angry, I feel terrible. I cry really hard and I can't breathe. I feel very sad afterwards."

Incidents of verbal and physical violence by girls have rocked Canada in the past few years. There was the 1997 beating and murder of Victoria's Nicole Vile, of the eight sisters involved in the case, seven were girls. Last year, another B.C. girl was convicted of criminal harassment for tormenting a 14-year-old classmate who also happened to have been violent. The number of girls charged with crimes of violence, although still very low, has doubled in the past decade. Until now, though, little has been known about female aggression. It was assumed girls were violent for the same reasons boys were.

But new research shows girls are often aggressive for reasons quite different from those of boys. In *Research and Treatment*

for Aggression with Adolescent Girls, published last fall, Alan Leshed and Anne Casanueva of the University of Western Ontario note that as many as 31 per cent of aggressive girls suffer from depression. In addition to being physically violent, aggressive girls often have accompanying conditions such as self-harm, eating disorders and even as early as pre-adolescent drug and alcohol abuse. Their demeanours seem to play a significant role, too. Seventy per cent of aggressive girls are from broken homes, and 38 per cent have witnessed violence between parents. "Girls' aggression," says Leshed, "involves a sense of powerlessness, isolation and depression that we just don't see in boys."

That's where Girls Connection comes in. The only program of its kind in North America, it was launched in 1996 after Earls Court found that girls enrolled in the co-ed anti-violence program weren't improving. Girls Connection draws on proven techniques for curbing aggression among young males,

"GIRLS' aggression involves a sense of powerlessness, isolation and depression. Boys are more physical—boom and it's done."

including anger management and social skills development, but it also addresses the underlying issues and types of aggression more common among young females, such as gossiping and name-calling. Participants are all ages 12-18, and must have been referred to the program after committing aggressive acts at school or home. Studies show that without intervention these girls are at risk of eventually dropping out of school, becoming young mothers and learning girls criminals. "They're in real jeopardy," says Earls Court clinical director Sandy Levine, "but so little attention is paid to them."

Celine has no exception. Her problems be-

gan four years ago when her parents separated. Tina Sautista, the girl's mother, had to take on two full-time jobs to support her family, so Celine was often left in the care of two older half-sisters. Celine felt abandoned by her dad, whom she with four days a month. With her mother's grief, she began to resent authority and those teachers. "Everything was confusing and hard," says Celine, who now knows where her anger comes from. "I wish I still lived with dad."

But Tina didn't understand the depth of Celine's despair. She believed her daughter would outgrow the rebellious behavior. To get Celine to follow house rules, Tina resorted to threatening to cut some of her child's favourite activities. Her secret: When Tina and Celine arrived at Earls Court, they weren't speaking. "My communication with Celine had become very short," admits Tina, 50. "There were 25 things taking me away from sitting down with her."

Tina was enrolled in her own 12-week course at Earls Court, which looked at how her parenting has contributed to Celine's aggression and how she could bridge the rift between them. "The mother-daughter relationship is crucial in a girl's development," says York University psychology professor Debra Pipher. "When you look at the background of aggressive girls, most have problems with their mothers."

While Celine has never been physically abused, many in Girls Connection have. According to Statistics Canada, nine per cent of young Canadian girls say they've been hit, and one in five high school girls report having been physically or sexually assaulted. Among aggressive girls, 45 per cent say they were beaten or harmed, supporting research that girls use violence after having experienced it themselves. Kelly's father was physical, often, including spankings and hair pulling, to discipline his daughter, another participant in Girls Connection. Kelly, 15, landed in the program after repeatedly writing a boy who sexualized her in class. It wasn't the first time she'd been connected with another child. Kelly's first real experience



been withheld to protect her from her father's anger. "The way I was brought up is that when a child doesn't do what they're told, the parent hits them," says Helen, who is now divorced and has custody of Kelly. "Even though I had chosen not to discipline in this way, I felt the urge. I needed to enforce this reaction and learn healthy parenting behaviors." Pipher understands all too well

Celine and mother Tina are friends again

the cycle of violence. "By not taking girls seriously," she says, "we've forgotten that they become the mothers of tomorrow."

No behavior has come under the microscope as much in recent years as social aggression. Many girls harass or make fun of other girls who are perceived as different, or as threats. Such things reach their peak when girls go through puberty and begin forming cliques based on their clothes and activities and the boys they like. "Boys are more physical—boom and it's done," says Leshed. "Girls, on the other hand, are so-

called to isolate other girls whom they don't want as part of their clique."

Girls at risk of being aggressive, but who do well academically and stay in school, are better able to control violent behavior. Most important, notes Leshed, "is having a peer or adult to confide in who takes an interest in a child's strengths, not deficits." And then there's Girls Connection. "What I've learned may seem so simple: like stepping back, thinking about why I'm mad and speaking calmly," says Celine. "But it's a little hard for me." And also for a society just beginning to grapple with a disturbing new trend.

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BLOCKBUSTER PLUNDER

Johnny Depp finds a pirate treasure in the fool's gold of Hollywood formula

LAST WEEK, with about 30 colleagues, I attended a media screening for *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*, and was stopped at the door by two men wearing garish Oscar statuettes as sags, the other scanned me with a metal detector. In the studio's battle against video piracy, this is not unusual. But as the lights dimmed and the film began, I sensed something very odd. With the mauling of a secret agent, a man dressed in black moved up and down the aisle, our voyeuristic audience with night-vision goggles in tow were entering a room that managed to slip a camera past a metal detector and was covertly taping the movie with the intention of uploading it to the Internet. By the time *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen* was over, I'd seen nothing on screen half as extraordinary as the gentleman with the night vision goggles.

It's unclear that the studio should be so paranoid about piracy, considering they do so much of it themselves. The typical black-and-white movie chock full of plundered ideas aside from combining movies with comic bookish, and re-created formulas, Hollywood serves as a vast treasure shop, in which fragments of novels, comic books and an amalgam of recombined, recycled with special effects, and turned into Frankenstein. The latest examples, *Pirates of the Caribbean: The Curse of the Black Pearl*, and *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*, both say into the Boy's Own Adventure tradition of mashing and give it a movie, high-tech spin.

Pirates of the Caribbean, the first movie named after a Disneyland ride, is an over-laid of man-of-war that cranks some parts of inspired cinema. Produced by overall veteran Jerry Bruckheimer (*Armageddon*, *Pearl Harbor*), it's a 134-minute epic that tries to be many movies at once. It's designed for children, but is too violent and scary for most kids again in the single digit. It recycles the sword-buckling tradition with parashut, but is not content to be a genre pirate movie. It's also a genre movie—the

Black Pearl is a cursed ghost ship of undead buccanniers who maul a lone megalomaniacal sea captain. With good pirates, bad pirates, two heroes and a heroine, this all-inclusive Caribbean deal is seriously overcrowded. What makes it worth seeing, however, is an outrageous performance by Johnny Depp, who stars as Captain Jack, the coolest pirate ever to hit the screen. Depp has said that he modeled Jack on Keith Richards, mixed with Popeye and a dash of Blaise Pascal, the character is a dead-on impersonation of the Rolling Stones' ancient mariner, from the heavy black eyeliner and dangly fangs to the scowling posture, slurred accent, and dissolving scenes—with a sidevinder with harking behind the rock star's anarchic. But as the drunken captain of his own performance, Depp charts his course with such unrepentant eccentricity that whenever he's offscreen the movie seems drift, and in danger of sinking under a cargo of cliché.

In Depp's shadow, Orlando Bloom has the thicken job of playing the crazy's off-cad brother, a dashing blacksmith named Will in Port Royal, he joins forces with Jack to

rescue the governor's daughter, Elizabeth (Keate-King), who rapidly matures from damsel in distress to feminist Barbie after being kidnapped by the *Black Pearl's* black-banned Captain Barbossa (an exceptionally graced Geoffrey Rush). Director Gore Verbinski (*The Ring*) navigates the barrage of coffee-segments with aplomb, and writers Ted Elliott and Terry Rossio (*Shrek*) have given the genre crew some vintage *Moby-Dick* mania. But for every gem, there's a hoard of fool's gold. And while Depp looks and plays as access with quicksilver sleight of hand, it's too bad he won't be able to hack the entire movie.

Pirates is still way more fun than *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*. Based on a comic-book series, it features a parade of characters stolen from classic adventures. Concocting at the dawn of the 20th century treasure of a world war conspiracy, it includes a crazy Allen Quatermain (Sean Connery), a barbaric Captain Nemo (Naseeruddin Shah), a Dracula-bitten Miss Harker (Peta Wilson), an immortal Doctor G (Steven Bauer), a Mississippi River operative named Sawyer (Bruce Weitz) and a Dr. Jekyll (Jason Frazier) who undergoes a skin-shedding transformation that's more Hula than Hyde. David Cranenburgh's production designer, Caroline Carol Spier, deserves credit for her extravagant sets. But despite the studio up with night vision goggles, this cheap spectacle is not worth peering in any medium.



Depp delivers a dead-on impersonation of the Rolling Stones' ancient mariner, Keith Richards



The Medical Posting



Drug-coated tubes prop open ailing arteries

Tiny, drug-coated mesh tubes are helping people with heart disease avoid bypass surgery, but the expensive devices may mean the Canadian health-care system.

Cardiologists implant the self-expanding tubes, called stents, onto a coronary artery after they've performed an angioplasty, which is a procedure to clear the artery and relieve symptoms such as chest pain. The procedure is a less invasive alternative to bypass surgery.

But stent stents have been around for years, but the latest ones are coated with a drug to reduce the chance the artery will narrow again. Drug-coated stents look so promising that U.S. doctors are worried about loss of income due

to a lower demand for repeat angioplasties and bypass surgery.

In Canada, however, cardiologists are cautioned their hospitals won't be able to afford the new devices. For example, one drug-coated stent approved in 2002 by Health Canada costs \$3,500, which is about five times the cost of a bare metal stent.

Another type of stent is being developed at St. Michael's Hospital in Toronto. It's coated with an antibody that promotes healing of the damaged blood vessel rather than just keeping it open. Drug-coated stents, in contrast, release toxic chemicals that can block a normal blood vessel lining from forming. Doctors are worried this might increase the risk of blood clots over time.

Helping girls build up bone

Aerobic like tennis and weightlifting may help girls build up their bones faster than non-weight-bearing sports like swimming.

In a study of girls involved in competitive sports, weightlifters and tennis players had bone densities similar to the average value for adult women, but the

FYI

People whose parents live to the age of at least 100

have about half the risk of heart disease, diabetes and high blood pressure of children of parents who die before age 100, a Boston University study suggests.

They also weigh less and take fewer prescription drugs.

(Source: American Geriatrics Society annual meeting)

average bone density of osteoporosis was significantly less.

Building strong bones while young helps reduce the risk of osteoporosis, or brittle bones, later in life.

The study involved 61 competitive female athletes between the ages of eight and 17 years—19 weightlifters, 29 swimmers and 14 competitive tennis players. The athletes trained at least five hours per week, at least 10 months of the year, and had been in their sport for at least a year.



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PASSION, MIND AND HEALING

Exhilarating theatre rescues a festival buffeted by SARS and uneven productions

THERE ARE TIMES when theatre seems to rediscover its roots in ancient religious ceremony, evoking a sacred, stirring that only words like "sacred" or "mystical" can come close to describing what happens. You might find yourself shaking, pitched into powerful emotions by the events on stage. Perhaps you weep, as you reconnect with truths long forgotten. Of course, such an experience is rare. In a lifetime of going to the theatre, I've only experienced it four or five times. But it happened recently at the Stratford Festival, during the chorus of Shakespeare's seldom-staged *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. When the prince (Jonathan Goad), worn out by many years of wandering, is unexpectedly reunited with his daughter, Marina (Naureen Contractor), whom he has not seen since she was a baby, the incident is so intensely and skillfully acted that the world's ill seem briefly healed.

Naturally the event does not happen in a vacuum. The production, staged by guest director Luca Rubin, leads up to the evening between Marina and Pericles with extraordinary panache, introducing a play now directors would touch with brass gloves. The problem is that Shakespeare only wrote *Pericles*. The drama has uneven patchwork of scenes, and also more prominence, a total bore. But Rubin, who last season brought to life Shakespeare's problematic *Henry VI* cycle, has leapt on to the riches of a unique imagination. He has set his *Pericles* in royal courts spread over much of the world, from the Mideast to Japan and Bali, granting a lavish pagantry that hides even of the play's main reason while at the same time dramatizing the evolution of Pericles's character. Rubin has also used the



Goad (left) and Contractor intensely and skillfully act Pericles's reunion scene

vernal heights of the festival's theatre stage to great effect in the shipwreck scene. Pericles falls from a mast, his body falling in slow motion as it descends through the blue depths of the sea.

The success of *Pericles*—theatre-goers frequently give it many standing ovations—could not conceal a blemish from a festival hit hard by declining ticket sales. Thanks to SARS—and rumours of SARS—Americans, who normally generate 37 per cent of box office sales, are staying away in droves. It also been a difficult year critically, with several disappointing productions, including writer Rick Whelan's unfocused dramatization of Victor Hugo's novel, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, and director Miles Perton's character-

ization of Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*. Coming after last year's triumphant 50th anniversary celebrations, Stratford's current season sometimes has the gutter air of a morning after.

The good news is that the festival still has much to offer the dishearteningly ticket-buyer-sick as it shows one of the best productions of the 1898 Noel Coward comedy *Private Lives*, as finely shaped by its director and stars, Brian Bedford, that it generates laughter like the best of champagne. And director Martha Henry has revived her version of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* with great clarity and insight, with a particularly compelling performance from the perennially sexy Dame Daphne in the queen of Egypt.

As for *Pericles*, it offers a chance to observe one of the world's most exciting directors



Private Lives turns up to its name, and The Birds (right) brings international flair to the festival, while The Shipwreck (top, with Peter Dinklage) is compelling as *Antony and Cleopatra*

developing his stagecraft. For this, the festival's artistic director, Richard Monette, deserves considerable credit. Letting Rubin stage the little-known *Pericles* at the festival's largest theatre and giving him the resources to realize his vision—including the hiring of the Thailand-based American composer Brian Gasco, whose score lends a haunting fourth dimension to the show—was a gamble that has paid off handsomely. Monette has a considerable flare for spotting talent, and his increasing willingness to bring in outsiders such as Greece's Nikos Dounellis, who directs Aristophanes's comedy *The Birds*, is helping to establish the festival as a kind of Concord where international musicians can rub shoulders with their Canadian

counterparts. Rubin, a brilliant, animated, 49-year-old Englishman based in London, is remarkable not just for his conceptual skills, but for the ideas that inform them. His roots are in traditional British theatre, with its emphasis on language. But he has spent much of the past two decades staging and studying theatre around the world, and particularly in the Far East. These influences show up, usually much transformed, in *Pericles*. For example, the slow, hypnotic movements of the queen's narrative, *Gower* (Theri Marrow), are based on Japanese bushi dance. And the way Rubin has *Gower* first appear, amid a river of flowing white silk, mixes Eastern theatrical traditions, with their emphasis on fixing

set and scene in a single organic vision. So is Rubin hoping to contribute to a new kind of world theatre? "Yes," enthuses the director, who teaches at London's Middlesex University. "I'm very consciously trying to be part of it. Just now I feel in the time I'm doing my best work, bringing together the two strands of my career—my roots in text-based English theatre, and the highly visual and physical techniques of the East. The merger, the melding, the synthesis of these is far more exciting." Rubin has little patience, though, with directors who borrow elements from the East, and "stick them on like decorations, without understanding what they're about. I find that profoundly irritating."

Rubin is also taking part in another of Monette's most inspired ventures—disrupting, in the intimate new Studio Theatre, of three plays focusing on the classic Greek myth of the murder of King Agamemnon. Rubin's work on Jean Giraudoux's 1934 play, *Electra*, instantly bogged down, the director admits, because he didn't know how to script the mother state philosophical arguments that litter the text. Finally, the director, who speaks several languages, went back to the French original. "I think I found the key to it—a lot of the writing is tongue-in-cheek. The journey to the end is full of mischief, though that doesn't tend to come through in English translations."

Rubin's merry and dazzling production—his husband is in the French troupe of 1996, rather than in the traditional *Gower*—may be the most consistently successful of the three in the Studio. But in the other two shows, Jean Paul Sartre's 1943 anti-fascist drama, *The Flies*, and Aristophanes's great 4th-century B.C. play, *Aveschians* (in a vivid translation by poet Ted Hughes), costed a rare opportunity to see different machines at the same story from various angles. One cast performs all three plays, and anyone who keeps tickets to all the shows gets the thrill of watching that superb Stratford actor, Scott Watson, with, after comically departing—on the character of *Agamemnon*, the actor's real success. Add several such fine performances to the exhilarating and intellectual challenge posed by these real titans of the theatre of freedom and power, and you get an awful lot of reasons to be grateful for the Stratford Festival, even on a less than banner year. **B**



HEY, I'M SICK! PASS IT ON.

Via e-mail, friends are incredibly frank about their illnesses. Good for them.

IT USED TO BE that getting really sick, like cancer-rick, means keeping quiet about it. Sure, you told your family and a few close friends that a loved one was dying or recovering from chemotherapy. But serious illness, like impending death, was intensely private. Not any more.

In the last month, I've received e-mails from three different friends giving me an update on the illness and recovery of a husband, a son and of the correspondent himself.

The first was from the wife of a retired middle person who'd had heart bypass surgery. It was forwarded to me by a mutual friend, but she thought I'd be interested in the man's progress, and so she had asked if anyone wanted to be put on the list for future bulletins. They should just send along their e-mail address. I did, and had received rare e-mails by the time he was out of hospital, in the last of which she pointed out that "he still feels like a truck but can run over him, but, what the hell, he's home."

The second individual I was contacted by was a friend who has been living with breast cancer for many years. Her message began, "Dear Friends, I want to thank you all again for your thoughts, prayers and healing words as I feel deeply blessed." It then went into the details of her chemotherapy and resulting fatigue and depression.

The third correspondent was someone I barely knew, and I wondered for a moment if I'd received his e-mail in error. But there he was, a lot of my friends on his list of recipients, so I figured he was simply emboldened as his son's recovery from an emergency lung operation, which precipitated him to exclaim, "It just won't be able to work as a top job or snide down!"

I must admit I was a little discomforted by all this voluntary disclosure of the circumstances of people's lives. So "out there" on the net, it made me wonder when I first read it, like reading someone's confidential card and records that have fallen from a truck. But I didn't take time to read my reply and view this free-floating frankness as nothing

more shocking than saying, "I have two speaking ticklers."

Whether the writers intended it or not, the result of their confessions is to draw digital fire on our sense of sympathy and compassion. Believe me, I'm happy to oblige. Like most of us, I live in dread of having the least bit of condition that would prompt me ever to be on the sending suffer than the receiving end of these personal health bulletins.

But after my own weaknesses were off, I tried to put it in the context of the e-mail senders. None of them was forced to do this—no one put a scalpel to their heads and said "Write!"

They volunteered, and for that I admire them. The days when serious illness was viewed as a disaster, fear or a sign of moral weakness as dying, thank heaven, and the time grip of that attitude on our parents' generation extends past the of saying that in our section has our victims. Indeed, there's less of evidence that gathering a network of friends around you to help fight your illness will make that fight vicious, or at least longer and more undurable.



Dear friends, I've sent in for chemotherapy and thank you all so much for your kind words. Support means a lot to me. When I'm well, I'll be back.

The more I pondered over it, the more I came to think that self-writing via e-mail is not only a handy-dandy, but a terrific one that a lot more of us should consider embracing if we ever experience a catastrophic illness. Think about it just from an efficiency point of view: by sending out updates, you dramatically cut down the number of involved phone calls from friends that drain you of the energy you could use much more productively taking care of you loved one or yourself. And what if you want to see an aging friend, but aren't sure of the protocol? Well, as one of my e-mailers wrote, "If you plan to visit—and that would be OK—please call first because he will need a lot of rest and will be napping."

What's more, you'll radically cut down on misinformation, such as well-meaning friend confusing diabetes with dehydration, or your network planning your funeral instead of your return to work.

But the best reason of all is that e-mail instantly creates networks of support, putting long-lost friends in touch with each other and, seeing their e-mail tag on the list of recipients, reminding them of whom they share in common, and have a responsibility for, in this world.

When someone you know has cancer and they write an e-mail asking you to put them in your prayers, it doesn't matter whether you're religious. The message is clear: That I've so sick I have to ask for your help. Rather, part of me is so well that I want to ask for it. There's a world of difference between the two, and it shows just how far we've come in conquering the fear and shame that are so instrumental in understanding our health.

Indeed, while the idea of e-mailing your illness brings a whole new meaning to the phrase "word marketing," a Chicago-based company has already stepped in to offer patterns and their families a free Web-site service (www.TLCancer.com) that keeps their loved ones updated throughout their hospitalization and links their families and friends, if need be, all over the world.

Anyone that witnesses the affliction is, asking your friends for help good for what ails you. So if you, or a loved one, is sick and you're not feeling alone, maybe just pressing "send" can do what medicine can't. **B**

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CLOSINGNOTES



PEOPLE | 54
John Little and his son
strange souls
The New South-
west Museum
has gone from
making a name for
itself in the region



NOSTALGIA | 55
Come fly the retro skies

Back in the '60s, an airport lounge meant pre-boiling cocktails, smoking in smelly chairs, and looking at a newspaper in a really good way. You can still do all again at the new Pacific Gateway exhibit at the Canadian Museum of Civilization in Gatineau, Que.



Careers | Quit your job and make money the eBay way

Glenn Bolivar is 49 years old, has four kids ranging in age from 10 to 32, and takes one of his 40-year-old mother-in-law. "It's old and a regular job would be difficult," she says. "I don't mostly need to work because my husband has a good job, but I wanted to do something." So Bolivar started looking about on her computer in 1999 and soon discovered eBay—the extremely popular on-line marketplace and auction site. Bolivar was hooked. Today, she operates a small eBay-based business, selling old quilts, quilting and crocheting patterns (as the finds at flea markets and garage sales) out of her home in Westwood, Ala. "This is part-time job that's a full-time obsession," she says. "I'm giving off my car and putting a little side to go to Disneyland with the

Kirker gave up social work to sell crystal figurines and costume on-line

THE BILLS
along with the Canadian
version of eBay.com,
was launched in April
2000. The site now
has 15 million items for
sale in more than
22,000 categories.

side. It feels good to make a contribution." In fact, eBay (with 60 million registered users from 27 countries) has turned into a relatively lucrative career for a number of Canadians. There's the Saskatchewan woman who put off her mortgage selling homemade jam on-line. And then there's Lisa Bolivar, who quit her job as a social worker four years ago to run a crystal gift business and high end costume business. Originally, Kirker worked from his Ottawa home to keep his overhead low. "But when tractor trailers began showing up at the house, neighbors started looking at me oddly," he says. Now, the 38-year-old owner a warehouse and, on average, has 300 to 400 items for sale on eBay per week. In order to keep up with demand, he's hired two part-time staff. Says Kirker: "Anybody can do it—that's what makes it so easy."

AMY CIMBRON

LISTINGS

Opening Weekend at the Ontario
N. Stacey Centre
July 18-19
Bellevue Varieties
Barnett and Spence
July 18-19
The play is set on the launch of this new
jelly roll, which is
located in the
Hall of Fame.
www.ontariocentre.com
at 1000 Bay St.,
Toronto, Ont.

St. John's Festival of the Arts
July 18-19
This year's event is
located on the
100 Peter Street
and welcomes
Canadian artists
such as Dean Martin,
Glen Smail and
Guy Vanderhaeghe.
www.stjohnsfestival.com
at 100 Peter St.,
St. John's, Nfld.

Drawing the World
at the Ontario
Museum
July 18-19
Five children
explain the diverse
world of drawing—
with national
artists, including
the 18th century
and a new
drawing
40 contemporary
artists, including
some national
artists.
at 100 Peter St.,
Toronto, Ont.

Small World's Folk Festival
July 18-19
Celebrating the 10th
anniversary of the
birth of the festival,
Canadian folk art
will be on display
and a variety
of folk art and
crafts will be on
display. www.smallworldsfolkfestival.com
at 100 Peter St.,
Toronto, Ont.



People | The Charles Mingus of blacksmithing

John Lurie doesn't fit the stereotypical image of a blacksmith. He's got regular steel hands and his fingers are hardly bulging at all. He's polly, not moose. What's more, though his craft was first practiced in North America by whangs at L'Anse aux Meadows, Nfld., in the 11th century, Lurie isn't one of those caught in a time warp artists. "When I started out 30 years ago I was making archers, lots and lots of archers," he says, sitting in his shop in East Dorset, N.S. "There was no room for doing the kinds of things I do today."

Lurie is referring to the wire-conception in the middle of the floor that looks like it could be left over from the set of *Mad Max 2: The Road Warrior*. Witness Volcanus Druptus, one of Lurie's "sound sculptures."

When the 60-year-old blacksmith pounds the structure with a mallet or saws at it with a five-foot metal bow, the sound that emerges is a symphony, primordial—even scary. They're also in demand: jazz musicians such as Halina Perna and Jerry Grant have performed on Lurie's innovative instruments, while British composer Peter Winkler has created works that feature the sound sculptures. And Symphony Nova Scotia in 1996 to study psychology at Dalhousie University. "When that metal is hot you have to see. You can't just sit there and contemplate your next move!"

JOHN DEMME

Diversions | Anthony McLean

What the cohort of the CBC kids show *The X-Files* books: 10/23 by Louis Sachar. "It's a fantastic book about a kid who's sent to this terrible camp and is tormented with bad luck. It's really fun." COS. MICHAEL'S BY: 10/23 by Gibran. "It's a super fun book that's so creative and way ahead of everything else that's out there."



Books | A non-combatant's combat experiences

After the exciting life of Second World War veterans, Laurence Wilentz's *Through the Ashes: Lee (Wilentz's Uncle) Wilentz* stands out for its unusual perspective. Now 94, Wilentz was an Anglican chaplain with the West Nova Scotia Regiment in Italy in 1944, an assumed man caught up in some of the Canadian army's bloodiest struggles. During a disastrous battle at the Poggio River last night, combatants were decimated in a German minefield. "I have never felt so helpless in all my life," writes Wilentz, who had a Red Cross flag to a duck and—against the wishes of his superior officers—led stretcher-bearers into the minefield, thereby rescuing more than 60 wounded. Wilentz knew how vital he was to the West Nova Scotia men who considered the living and buried the dead, but he decided another aspect of his job took priority—"to be a presence, to be visibly with them" in the face of death.



BESTSELLERS

Fiction

1. ONCE AND AGAIN , Margaret Atwood (4)	1
2. THE BIRTH OF PAIN , David Shields (2)	2
3. THE NEW YORKER , David Shields (2)	3
4. THE NEW YORKER , David Shields (2)	4
5. THE NEW YORKER , David Shields (2)	5
6. THE NEW YORKER , David Shields (2)	6
7. THE NEW YORKER , David Shields (2)	7
8. THE NEW YORKER , David Shields (2)	8
9. THE NEW YORKER , David Shields (2)	9
10. THE NEW YORKER , David Shields (2)	10

Non-fiction

1. THE NEW YORKER , David Shields (2)	1
2. THE NEW YORKER , David Shields (2)	2
3. THE NEW YORKER , David Shields (2)	3
4. THE NEW YORKER , David Shields (2)	4
5. THE NEW YORKER , David Shields (2)	5
6. THE NEW YORKER , David Shields (2)	6
7. THE NEW YORKER , David Shields (2)	7
8. THE NEW YORKER , David Shields (2)	8
9. THE NEW YORKER , David Shields (2)	9
10. THE NEW YORKER , David Shields (2)	10

CORRECTION: The book cover for *Through the Ashes* is not the same as the one shown in the photo.



Nostalgia | Kitsch me if you can at the airport lounge

There's something about an old airport. But not too old, and certainly not a hangar. A cool hangar, where waiting for a delayed flight just means more time to answer a pre-boarding cocktail—A lounge net unlike the one that Leonardo DiCaprio waits through, excepting a story of freshly recruited stewardesses (we're talking long before flight attendants in sky-blue Pan Am uniforms, in *Catch Me If You Can*). If you think it's only way to recognize that particular slice of '60s retro is to rent last year's stylishly nostalgic

Steven Spielberg flick again, you should check out the new exhibit at the Canadian Museum of Civilization, just across the Ottawa River from the Parliament Buildings. Better known for displays on the Far North, old fishing, and so on, the CMHC is adding an exhibit this month that may have patrons hawking *Conan* (it's a meticulously reconstructed waiting room

from the Vancouver International Airport, circa 1968), complete with modernist art and chairs and sofa and reproduced CP Air posters. And ah-hy! Once visitors have soaked up the exhibit's deeper theme—Asian immigration through Canada's Pacific gateway. That's where the 1968 mock-up begins to take meaning beyond mere decor. It was in 1967 that the federal government changed its immigration laws to a point system that created old prejudices against non-white applicants. Now, that's cool.

JOHN DEMME



STAMPEDEING THE PLANET

If you think Alberta's beef sector isn't worldly, you couldn't be more wrong

YOU COULD be forgiven for missing the point of the Calgary Stampede. If you start the party early enough—say with spiced orange juice at dawn, a Stampede favourite—you could be forgiven for losing all sense of time in your arms and legs before sundown. You could even, if circumstances take a turn for the worse, be forgiven for losing your picnic blanket all over your hole-in-the-wall denim shirt.

But the point of the Calgary Stampede is cows. This Greatest Outdoor Show On Earth celebrates activities that evolved around the celebration and consumption of cows. This year it was cooler to keep that in mind than it sometimes is. On May 28, a single Alberta cow was found to have bovine spongiform encephalopathy, or mad cow disease, and the export market for Alberta beef immediately collapsed. The resulting crisis was part of every conversation at the Stampede.

But what struck me in Calgary last week wasn't the effect of the BSE crisis, which will be devastating, but temporary. It was the changes in the industry itself, which are permanent. The personalization of those changes is a 14-year-old, self-spoken man of 42 named Ted Haney. Haney grew up in the town of Rutie (current population, 1616), in southern Alberta. As a teenager, his perspective didn't stretch much farther than the horizon. "To get me to go into Lethbridge... I would come with any excuse at any time to get out of it," he said. "It was too far away, too crowded, too many people. Calgary? It was like going to the moon."

Yet over the last decade, Haney's work has taken him dozens of times to Taiwan, Hong Kong, Japan, Mexico and South Korea. This might come as a surprise, since his job is to market the same product he raised as a boy in Prairie Route. Alberta beef. Haney is president of the Canada Beef Export Federation, the industry group responsible for exports to countries besides the United States. Business is booming. In 1999, 96 per cent of Canada's beef exports went to the United States. By 2002 that

number was down to 72 per cent.

The new markets for Canadian beef, especially Mexico, Japan and South Korea, pay top dollar for cuts most North Americans snuff at. Here at home, Haney told me, a cow's short ribs aren't good for much except making ground beef at \$1.36 a pound. But if you knock those bones out and sell the boneless short ribs in Japan, you can get up to \$7 a pound. At those pounds per animal, that's a good deal. Never mind how much people in some places are willing to



pay for the animal's intestines or tongue.

All of which helps to explain why, while the share of our beef exports to non-U.S. markets has tripled, the dollar value of those exports has exploded—from \$24 million in 1999 to \$470 million in 2002. Even taking into account the BSE hiccup, Haney's association expects that figure to double again by 2010.

Almost in the blink of an eye, Alberta is no longer—or, at least, Ted Haney and his associates had to become sensitive to the business practices, cultural preferences and dietary habits of populations half a world

away if you thought no sector could be less worldly than the Alberta beef industry, you'd be wrong and getting sadder every day.

This is the most obvious I've seen lately that in many ways, there really is no such thing as domestic politics any more. Governments have been quicker to find a niche for this phenomenon than to adapt to it. Last summer, federal bureaucrats held a big conference in Ottawa to discuss "the transnational challenge," which is the challenge you face when the line between domestic and foreign policy blurs.

A conference is one thing, real-life experience another. While other countries shut their markets to Alberta beef, federal officials concentrated overwhelmingly on reassuring the Americans. Canadian science was shared with Americans. The U.S. Department of Agriculture sent pathologists and epidemiologists to Alberta. Weeks passed before experts from Agriculture Canada and Health Canada went to Japan and Korea.

That lag may have cost the beef industry dearly. Word came from Japan that if the Americans opened their market to our beef before Japan was satisfied of its safety, Japan might restrict imports of both American and Canadian beef. "It was shocking that Japan could become so influential, so quickly," Haney said.

But non-U.S. markets can be a source of opportunity, not just risk. Say the far-reaching their heels on leaving Canadian beef back in Canada might have better luck narrowing exports to other markets, perhaps Mexico. Suddenly Canadian beef, sold at a discount if necessary, starts eating into U.S. market share in those countries.

And if the price of access to other countries is more rigorous inspection and monitoring, than anything the Americans do, Canada will happily consent. Soon the U.S. would have to adopt the costly new standards. Any advantage from protectionists would be wiped out.

None of these games would have been necessary or even possible a decade ago. Globalization isn't a slogan or an excuse to stage a protest inside it's a fact of life, in Prairie Route and everywhere else. The Champions Indigo chain sells books with the slogan, "The World Needs More Canada." Maybe. What's clearer every day is that Canada needs to become more worldly. □

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